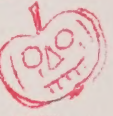


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• 1978 •

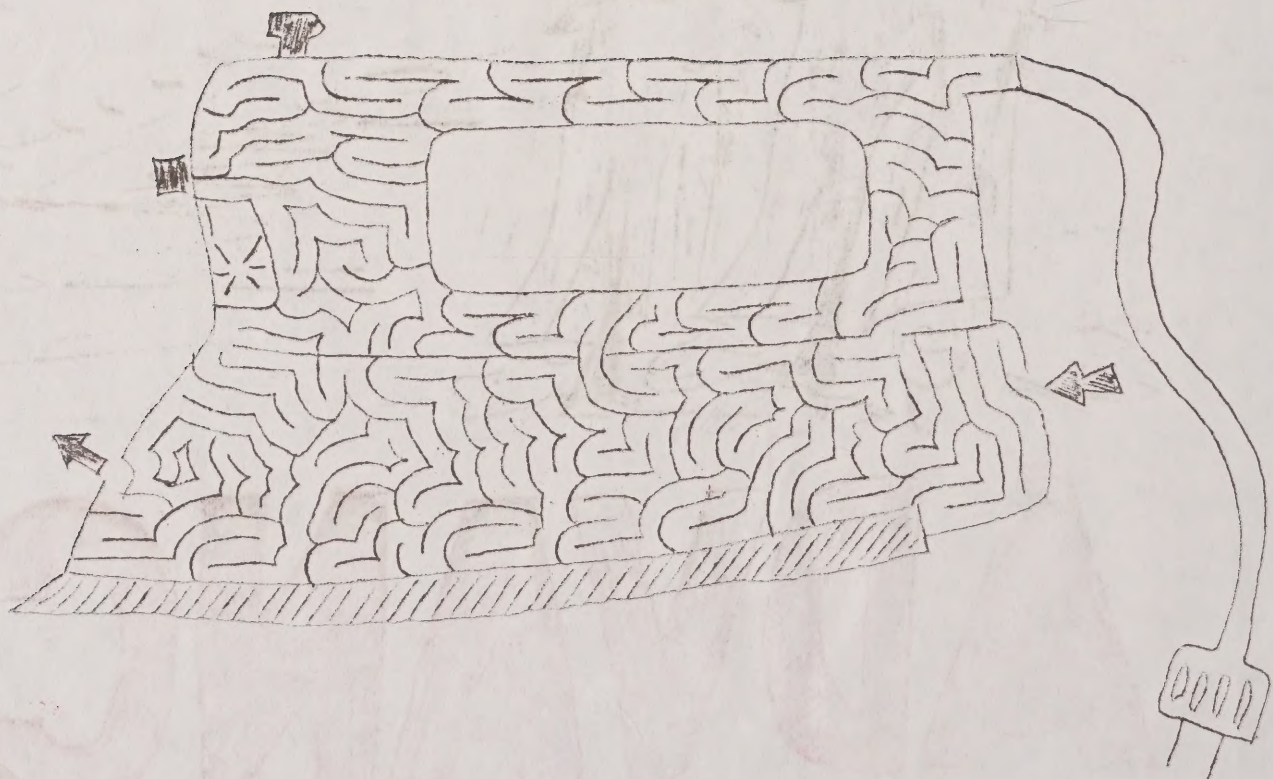
• HALLOWEEN ISSUE •

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY INMATE
COMMITTEE •

JOYCEVILLE INST.



ADVANCE



-cover by Petr Machacek

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Managing Editor: Bill Hutton

THE ADVANCE is published monthly by the Inmate Committee of Joyceville Institution, P.O.Box 880, Kingston, Ontario. Chairman: George Cresswell, Members: Dave Robertson, Drew Hennessey, Bill Cole, Gerry Rowe.

Admin L/O: Mr. Ken Boone, Social & Cultural Development Officer

SPORTS NEWS by Conlin

The football season ended on a very exciting note for the members of the Tigers last week-end as they came from behind to beat the heavily favorite Chargers in a sww-saw battle that could have gone either way.

The Chargers went through the regular season unbeaten and in the first game of the play-offs it looked like they were destined to go unbeaten all year as they beat the Tigers by eight points to take a good lead in the two game total points series. Led by the fine passing of Peter Ebner the swift running of Gaylord Geary and the fine pass receiving of Jim Lane and Drew Hennessey, they came back after being down 19 points and won the game 35 to 27. A very nice come-from-behind victory and also a good team effort.

In the second game of the series the Chargers came out charging and took a 26 to 13 lead by the half, but it was not destined to be their day as the Tigers came back on the strong running of Roger Oake. Everything seemed to fall into place for them from the start of the second half until the end of the game. The fine passing of Joe Conlin, the receiving of any number of players, but most of all the team effort that went into it was really a great thing to be a part of as they came back and won the playoffs with a score of 40 to 26.

I would like to take this time to congratulate the players from both teams as I know there was a lot of people out there who were playing with injuries and played good ball in spite of this.

LEAGUE CHAMPSCHARGERS

Gaylord Geary
Drew Hennessey
Jim Lane
Alain Leonard

Larry Armes
Gary Deschamps
Guy Prince
Peter Ebner

Mel Prince
Ed Ferrill

PLAY-OFF CHAMPSTIGERS

Robin Keays
Joe Conlin
Roger Oake
Jim Cook

Bob Patterson
Bob Corley
Matt Daisley
Dale Thompson

Bill Blundell
Carl Ramsey
Ed Adams
George Reid

I would also like to congratulate Roger Oake on his winning of the scoring title and the M.V.P. Award, as there is no doubt he deserved them by scoring 20 touchdowns in ten games that he played.

SPORTS NEWS

The volleyball and the ball hockey seasons are about to get underway and the teams have already been picked. There have been lists posted in the gym but alot of the people still don't know what team that they are on so the lists will be provided below so that everyone one will know their teams. Also there will be schedules posted in the gym so that after you play you will know the next date that you are to play.

VOLLEYBALLSPITFIRES

ROBIN KEAYS
JIM LANE
LARRY WALTERS
TOM CHARLTON
CARL RAMSEY
DARRELL VINCENT
BOB COULTON
TERRY BETHUNE
HOLOCEK

SUNS

GAYLORD GEARY
MORIN
OAKE
ELLIOT
ST CROIX
VAN BREE
MEREDITH
COSTELLO
GANGA

BLUE JAYS

PRINCE
CONLIN
ARMES
HENNESSEY
CORLEY
CAVERLY
SWEENEY
BLANK
DAISLEY
BUSCEMI
PASCOE

JETS

ALAIN
MURRAY
ROBERTSON
DESCHAMPS
WRIGHT
EBNER
CURRIE
HARRISON
MELANSON

BALL HOCKEYBRUINS

KEAYS
CONLIN
MOSES
ADAMS
BETHUNE
REID S.
VINCENT
CAVERLY
TURKEWISZ
BORGES

FLYERS

DODGE
LANE
WALTERS
EBNER
CURRIE
VAN BREE
FERRILL
THOMPSON
BLANK
MURRAY

LEAFS

PRINCE
ST CROIX
ARMES
DESCHAMPS
PRINCE M
SWEENEY
WALKER
RAMSEY
STEVENS
ROSS

CANADIANS

CORLEY
OAKE
HENNESSEY
MELANSON
PRINCE J
ALAIN
TESLIC
JACKSON
MOFFATT
RENAUD
MORIN

There also will be a pool and a draft for the both of these sports so if you have not signed up yet and wish to see either Brian Dodge (volleyball) or Bill Cane (ball hockey) to get your name in.

SPORTS

We have just finished off what turned out to be a very good football season. There was alot of good play out there as well as alot of rough play, but the general concensus was that it was alot of fun and gave each person a chance to let off some steam.

I would like to take this time to thank all the people that took part for making this such a good season. It has been along time since we have had football in this institution and there were some people who thought that we could not run a good season.

There was alot of complaining on the part of the refereeing. Some good some bad, but the overall point is that I think they did a good job for the time they were given to learn the rules. In the future we plan to try and get the referees out long before the sport starts.

I myself feel that to be a referee requires alot of patience to stand out there and take the abuse that your fellow inmate throw at them in the name of the sport. So once again thankyou for getting us through the season because without you there is no season.

As you know we have ball hockey and volleyball starting at the moment and once again we are short people to referee and to help to run a sucessful season. If there is anyone out there who has a knowledge or the ability to referee I wish you would think it over and approach either Brian Dodge (volleyball) or Bill Cole (ball hockey) and give them your name as it would be greatly appreciated.

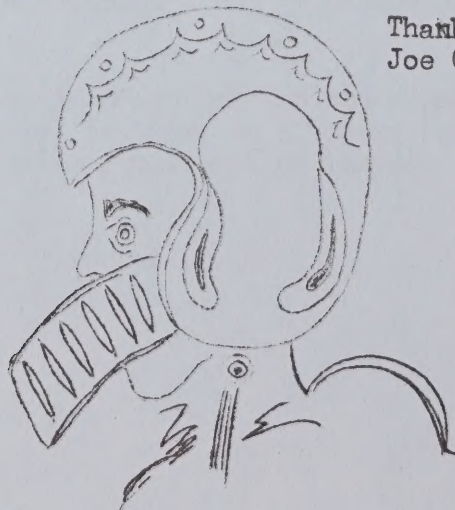
We have a full schuele of sports planned for the winter months. At the moment we plan to run ball hockey, basketball, floor hockey, hockey, and volleyball. There will also be some hand and paddleball tournaments run in the future.

If there is anyone out there who has any new ideas as to what should be added to our sports program don't be afraid to get in touch with us and we will be glad to listen and go over your idea with you. We have alot of ideas that we are now putting before the recreation department but we are running out out of them and now we must once again go to the people of the population to find out what suits them.

The turn out for volleyball and ball hockey was really good and each day we get more and more people to come out and sign up. This is the best point that we can put across in each of our meetings with Mr. Partridge, as participation is what it is all about.

Your sports committee at the moment consists of Roger Oake, Joe Conlin, Drew Hennessey, and Tony Melanson. These four people would be glad to hear from you and any new ideas that you may have that would be a benefit or a change to the program that we already have.

Thank-you
Joe Conlin



HOCKEY AT JOYCEVILLEby Joe Carmichael
Recreation Department

Hockey is a game enjoyed by men, women, and children no matter what role they assume (coach, player, major or minor official, manager, stick-boy, or spectator). Hockey is a game you enjoy more as you increase your knowledge about it.

In this country and especially here at Joyceville, nothing gets in the way of people becoming involved in hockey.

Due to established interest in hockey here at Joyceville, the Recreation Department offers a player's clinic and a Referee's clinic to enable a man to better not only his playing ability and knowledge of the game, but to further his understanding of others roles in the game. This leads to a better understanding by all involved, and a greater enjoyment whether you are a participant or a spectator.

Dates and information on clinics is available at the Recreation Office.

The Recreation Department at Joyceville works in conjunction with the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, Hockey Development Council which supplies most of the information for our clinics.

The Recreation Staff has one officer who has completed his Level 4 Hockey Coaching Certification Program. In addition, two officers have completed their Level 3 programs, and the rest have completed the Level 1 course. This does not mean that the staff are all experts, but this knowledge combined with their own involvement as participants in the game, allows a man here at Joyceville access to a wide range of information regarding the game of hockey. Therefore, information on how to improve a skill such as shooting, goal-tending, etc; or officiating; etc, is either available immediately or can be acquired in a short period of time.

We have an outdoor rink here at Joyceville utilizing natural ice. The ice surface is of ideal size (200 ft. by 85 ft) for a wide open game. There are closed-in player's benches, and a heated room for the minor officials.

There will be sign-up notices in the Recreation area very shortly for hockey. An Institutional League will be formed consisting of three or four teams depending on how many guys sign-up. Hopefully, an All-Star Team can be established from the Institutional League to compete against outside teams.

Here at Joyceville we work very hard on our hockey program. If we continue to have the support from the population that we have had in the past, I am sure we are headed for another great hockey year.

by DENNIS BALLY
RECREATION DEPARTMENT

Unfortunately some coaches and athletes believe that if some nutritional supplement is good, then a lot is even better. However there exists a possibility that a person can overdose himself on some supplements.

Water soluble vitamins are utilized in the body and the excesses are excreted in the urine. However, the fat soluble vitamins, Vitamins A, D, K, and E, are carried in solution with fat. Thus they can remain with the body for longer periods of time. A slow build up of these vitamins is possible. The excess intake of some of these vitamins is very harmful to the human.

For example, too much vitamin D has resulted in some subjects showing signs of nausea, vomiting, and diarrhea. Too much vitamin A has resulted in loss of appetite, irritability, abnormal skin pigmentation, loss of hair, and bone and joint pains. Too much vitamin B 12 (folic acid) temporarily relieves the symptoms of a severe blood disorder (pernicious anemia) so that irreparable damage occurs before the subject seeks medical help.

Therefore, too much vitamin supplements are as dangerous as too little. Again this provides support for persons following a good sound nutritional diet where all normal daily requirements are supplied.

Other persons take excess vitamins to derive improved physical performance. However, recent studies have indicated that there is no scientific basis to these beliefs. The following is a summary of some of the current misconceptions:

- a) Vitamin A: no evidence that this vitamin increases muscular function
- b) Vitamin B complex : Thiamine, riboflavin, niacin, and Vitamin B 12 need to be increased when work endurance increases,
HOWEVER: there is no evidence that the B complex intake improves athletic performance in a nutritionally sound diet.
- c) Vitamin C: no indication that excess Vitamin C causes an increase in muscular performance.
- d) Vitamin E: there have been no increases in muscular endurance with Vitamin E increases.
Remember, Vitamin E contains no calories.

The protein needs of the body are governed by the RATE OF GROWTH and not the activities. Thus anyone who is growing (ie during teenage years) or who is developing body mass may require extra protein. Thus body builders and weightlifters are justified in taking increased amounts of protein.

The mistake that alot of these athletes make is that they believe that they must buy the expensive protein supplements from weightlifting compainies so that they get high QUALITY protein. However, research studies have indicated that the best sources of tissue building protein are meats, fish, poultry, milk, cheese, and eggs. Some current studies on animals indicate adverse nutritional effects when fed with poor quality protein supplements. Although the same connection has not been established with humans, the possibility may exist.

Therefore, the athletes desiring to increase the amount of protein in their diet should supplement it with the good quality proteins mentioned above. For example, a weightlifter in training, may increase his daily intake of protein from a normal of 1 gram/kilogram body weight to 2 grams/kilogram body weight. Remember, the body will NOT STORE PROTEIN....it will use what it needs and excrete the rest. So those expensive protein supplements may only be useful to the alligators in the sewers.

In conclusion, it is felt that supplements are not needed if the individual is following a sound nutritional diet as described in the Canada Food Guide or in the previous issues of the Advance.

NEXT ISSUE: The Fat Problem- Obesity

*its causes

*some possible solutions

NHL HOCKEY ON TELEVISION

OCTOBER :

Sat 28 * N.Y.R. at MTL.

Sat 28 x BOS. at TOR.

NOVEMBER

Sat.4 *x ATL. at MTL.

Sat.11 *x TOR.at MTL.

Sat.18 *x ST.L. at TOR.

Sat.25 x COL.at TOR.

The symbol * identifies the CBC NATIONAL network and will appear alongside all games carried on this network.

The symbol x identifies the CBC Maple Leaf network.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LOUIE THE LIP
Louie Gets Introduced To the Boys by Paul Gravelle

Hey Louie, let's go out to the gym and you can meet some of the boys. O.K. says Louie, but first I have to see my L.U., whatever that is. Louie, that's the one who will be in charge of your caseload while you're here. Well, what does L.U. stand for? Sometimes I really wonder myself, but it means Living Unit Officer. They're here to watch over you and you're supposed to watch them too. Oh yeah, now I get it, I think...Here's some of the boys now. Boys, this is Louie the Lip. Louie, here's Bert the Flirt, Ralph Raspberry and his brother Red, Arnold Aardvark, Sam Slick, Boxcar Benny, Slow Moe, Joe Shmoe, Bill From Over The Hill, Tony Baloney, Steady Eddy, Stan the Man, Smart Art, Big Feet Pete, Tall Paul, Short Mort, Fat Matt, Toothpick Moccasin Face, Handy Andy, Bob the Slob, Wayne the Pain, Larry the Fairy, Peter the Eater, Crispy Critter, Chester the Molester, Earl the Girl and Peanuts. Wow, and I thought I had a strange name. The boys got a kite on you already Louie. Now, what's a kite? A letter sent out illegally Louie to say you were coming and that you're not a heat score. O.K., I give up, what's that mean? Oh Louie, you aren't playing with a full deck. Heat score means someone who draws unwanted attention. We saw your jacket. That's your record. You have a clean slate. Who scooped you Louie--the Horsemen? Wait, let me guess. Horsemen is R.C.M.P. right? Right Louie. You're starting to catch on. Pretty soon you'll be able to understand No, I was nabbed by the narc squad on a drug bust. Yeah, they were casing our joint for about a month. They also got you for hanging paper. And passing a stiff, Louie. What's that supposed to mean, Paul? Hanging paper is funny money and a stiff is a bad cheque. Yeah, yeah, that too. And they gave you a sawbuck for that Louie. What's with the sawbuck? That's a sausage or ten years. That's new to me. You're still a new fish in here Louie, so lay low for awhile or you'll end up topping yourself. That's putting your lights out, or killing yourself. So, if you have that in mind, do a good job or you'll be charged with attempted murder and get time in the digger--the hole Louie--solitary confinement. And forget about getting a jackrabbit parole, that's escaping. Don't be a sniveler either, that's a whiner. Just do your own thing. You have got to go along with the program or they will re-program you. If you don't fit in here you'll go to the Haven. Where's the Haven, Paul? Millhaven for hard cases, Louie. This place is more or less an old age home. See that old guy over there, Louie? Yeah, I see the old geezer, what about him? Well, he's in for possession over fifty. What do you mean? Well, he was caught in the school yard with fifty one jelly beans when he should have only had fifty. Ha, ha! Louie, you fell for that one.....more next issue....Ed. note:some of the names in this story have been changed to protect the guilty....

If I cannot be free
 To do such work as pleases me,
 Near woodland pools and under trees,
 You'll get no work at all; for I
 Would rather live this life and die
 A beggar or a thief, than be
 A working slave with no days free.

The following is a true account of the first exhibition baseball game that the LifeServers engaged in last July 20th, 1978. Why did we delay this report by our friend ? Please continue reading and the reasons will be very obvious !

Norm Larose,
LifeServer Secretary

"We Are The Champions My Friends"

In this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventy eight, was witnessed what one would consider to be a 'Major Historical Event'. The Joyceville Pen ball field was the setting for a devastating and drastic event. The 'LifeServers' and the 'Outsiders' engaged in a baseball game which became a dreadful plight of man vs man and man vs woman. This game not only demanded skill, strategy and wit but also left many of the observers in awesome wonderment. Following are a few comments on that memorable game that I wish to report.

It was the top of the first inning and the 'Outsiders' took to the field. The 'LifeServers', in their confident states of mind, took the bat. Their Pitcher, Al Sweeney with his new and latest look in men's hair fashion (ha-ha!), hit a block buster out to 'our' Right Fielder, Karen, who simply grabbed it up with no problem.

While attempting to play ball, the Catcher, Drew Hennessey, alias 'God Father', did manage to hit a home run, but made up for it by making as many errors as the rest of his team-mates. "For God sakes Drew !" A couple of times though, it was questionable as to whether A - N - d - r - e - w was holding on to the ball or whether he thought he was in Newfoundland playing "go-fish" with the Pitcher.

The First Baseman, Animal, alias Earl Pettit, played an honourable game.....at least for a man of his age..... In addition, he seemed to have something going with the opposing first base woman, but then again one can never be sure !

The Second Baseman, Jean Simard, was "quiet as a mouse" until the time the Umpire, Dave Brault, called him out on a play at second base. A threat was made by Jean but he became quite silent when the Umpire warned that he would take a straightener to Jean's Afro.

The Shortstop was in fact "quite short" and quite "French". Joan LeBlanc played the bull frog position in a bull ship type of manner. Just Kidding Jean !

However, the main attraction of the game was a small, fragile 4 foot 5 inch, Italian gentleman, known as Frank Cutrona; he was the 'Life-Server's' Left Fielder. This man had such magnificent poise as a batter that every time he attempted to hit the ball, his bat went straight up in the air. Frankie would swing at anything that was pitched. The Crowd got their money's worth and applauded Frankie for his skill and style. Rumor has it that Frankie has been drafted by the Blue Jays.

.....cont'd....

The Third Baseman, unknown to the outsiders and to his fellow teammates, played an average game. I think the boys picked him up somewhere.

As for the Umpire, Bob MacDonald, he was asked to give up his degree in Umpireship.

The Fielders seemed to have thier act together. However, they had a great deal of trouble throwing the ball as if it was a shot-put.

Norm Larose didn't play because he hadn't received his new glasses. Consequently, he was the announcer and commentator and did a fairly competent job of trying to get the players' names correct.

The LifeServers appeared to have some type of coach, but exactly which methods Paul Franks had anticipated, would win the game, had failed. Back to the old drawing board Mr. Franks !

The overall outcome of the game saw a closeness between the two teams and the scores. However, the 'Outsiders' saved their best luck for the last time at bat, scored the tying run and..... yes Folks !..... scored the winning run that beat the LifeServers. Some of the boys left the field crying and some whinning for a re-match, // can you imagine that !! If we had lost we wouldn't dare ask to be shamed again !

On the other hand we just might give them a re-match. Well this is 'Scotty', your on-the-spot reporter, signing off saying: " Scotty Beam me aboard !"

Maureen Workman
'Outsider' Captain & Honourary LifeServer

"We have no comments at this time, except 'Next Year !' "

LIFESERVERS

NOTES

JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY WOMEN'S GROUP
MARIA NEIL, CO-ORDINATOR, 771 $\frac{1}{2}$ Montreal Street, Kingston

NOVEMBER PROGRAMME : 3rd Wimming at Beechgrove, 9th Open Discussion, 16th Dave Montgomery on Juvenile Approaches, 23rd Film: "The Things I Cannot Change"(Family Problems).

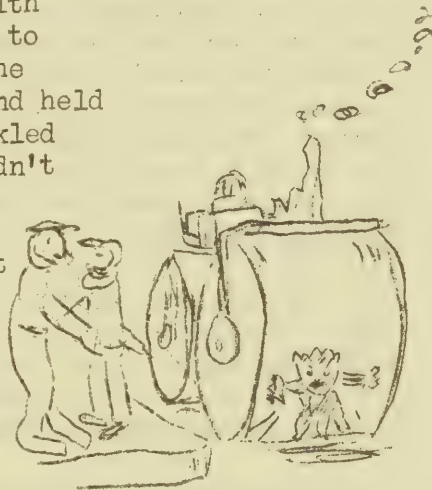
Meetings: Thursday Evening, 7:30 pm St. Paul's Anglican Church, corner of Montreal & Queen Streets. Phone 542-7373 for a ride.

CHARLIE SHERIDAN'S GOSSIP AND HUMOR COLUMN

By Charlie Sheridan, Library Technician

Last Family Day my niece MARY and her husband PETER came to visit me and we had a great time. They are both in their early thirties and still pretty young, but we get along swell. MARY is almost Tiny and she had a great time Kidding and Teasing Big BOB MCDONALD. She told him that if he ever bothered me she would Bite him on his left Kneecap. That would be as high as she could reach. It's a good thing that BOB has a sense of Humor and knows when someone is Kidding, because he would break me into a hundred pieces without even trying. PAUL did a good job on the Mike, letting everyone know their visits were coming down the hall. No hassles or jamming up, very nice.

The three young Ladies working in the Day Care Center with the regular Crew had a great time with the Kids until the Kids decided to have some fun with the Girls. The Kids piled all over the Girls and held them down while the Fellows tickled their Feet. The poor Girls couldn't do a darned thing with the Kids holding them down. But a great time was had by everyone in that Day Care Center. Ponies, Rides, Ice Cream and all. At the end of the evening even I made out like Mad. MARY and PETER were going to give the three Girls a ride down to Kingston and as I left the Gym they were all standing near the door, so I got a BIG hug and a smooch from all Three of them. This middle-



" THAT LOOKS LIKE THE GUY OLD DUKE
BIT ABOUT SIX WEEKS AGO ! "

aged Guy still has some get up and go left. Of course I must admit most of it had got up and Gone, but not quite all as Three nice Smooches testify. Eat your hearts out Fellas. The guys taking care of the food really had a tough job but they did it well. One fella with a long pointed Mustache stood over the stove so long the Mustache drooped on both sides from fatigue. You can imagine how the fella himself felt. The Family Day was good. Lots of Mothers, Fathers, Wives, Girlfriends, and foremost the Kids. I think and Hope everyone had a good time, I know I did. The rest of the Committee and a lot of other guys were running around like crazy keeping things organized and going right. DAVE lost about five pounds during the day and was very happy to get rid of some of that spare tire. Well, so long for now til next time.....30

P.S. The guy with the Mustache just shaved it off...He says that every time he turned his head the points were poking someone...a likely story...

PENAL PRESS QUOTES

DRAFTING TEACHES SPECIAL SKILLS

by Staff of UCI Broadcast, Education Department,
Union Correctional Institution, P.O.Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083

Few vocational courses at UCI are more difficult and challenging than Drafting. It is a course which requires concentration and mental commitment. It can be very demanding at times, but extremely satisfying once the art is mastered.

Vocational Drafting is under the instruction of Melvin Goggins. Mr. Goggins joined the Department of Corrections here in February 1978. He is a graduate of Florida State University where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in Education. His background is in engineering and architecture with firms around the Tallahassee area, but he says his first love is teaching. For this reason he gave up his job with an engineering firm so he could teach here.

Drafting offers instruction in Basic Mechanical and Advanced Mechanical and Architectural Drafting. At this time twenty-two inmates are enrolled, but the course has a capacity of twenty-eight. The morning class covers Basic Mechanical, with Advanced Mechanical and Architectural in the afternoon class. Both Basic and Advanced courses require approximately eight months for completion; however, they can be completed within six months if a student really applies himself. For those who wish more instruction, there is also a third phase of Advanced Architectural drafting offered.

All facets of home and building drafting are taught. These cover steel fabrication, civil, and electrical engineering. According to Mr. Groggins, specialized training is not the primary function of the course; varied approaches are used. The end result of a student's training is for him to draw a complete floor plan of a house.

When a student has successfully completed the drafting course he has the knowledge to work with most architecture firms in the free world. Drafting is a rewarding and interesting field and provides a secure position for the future.

DREAMS by Nelson Kowalczyk, UCI Broadcast

A dream, a vision of a past experience stored in the mind.

Dreams of you my beloved are all I seem to find.

A hazy cloud encircles my head, each night I lay myself
down to bed.

An expectance of a visit is always there.

A letter, a card, just anything we could share.

Of this I am certain, that life is not lost.

We must face our consequences, no matter the cost.

So when dreams entangle your sweet little mind,

Always remember, it's just a matter of time.

ST. LEONARD'S OF CANADA HALF-WAY HOUSES

- *BRAMALEA. P.O.Box 2134, Tel (416) 457-3611, Director: Steven O. Kay
- *1105 QUEEN STREET EAST. Hwy #7 near Dixie Rd. near Toronto. Contact Rick Brown.
- *ST. ROBERT WILLIAMS CENTRE, 16 Ellen St., Brampton. Contact Steven O. Kay
- *ST. LEONARD'S SOCIETY OF BRANT, 135 Elgin St., P.O. Box 611, Brantford
Tel (519) 759-8830 and 8883. Contact Director Peter G. Willis or Bill Sanderson
- *ASTRA SOCIETY OF HAMILTON, 22-24 Emerald St. South, Hamilton Tel. (416) 529-8494
Director: Fred Trebilcock, Asst. Dir. Leonard Concordia 526-1361
- *NEW HORIZONS, KEARNS, ONTARIO Tel (705) 634-2245 Director John Rutter
- * R.R. #1, COBALT, ONTARIO: females. Group homes.
- *ST. LEONARD'S HOUSE, LONDON, P.O. Box 2693, Terminal "A", London, Ont. Tel (519)-
Director Rev. Roy Dungey, Asst. Dir. Ray Gallagher 434-1669
- *CRONYN CENTRE, 430 William Street: juveniles
- *CODY CENTRE, 226 Egerton St Tel (519) 455-2600 Contact Rev. Roy Dungey
- *LUXTON CENTRE, 567 Queens Ave. for T.A.'s. Contact Roy Dungey
- *TURNING POINT INCORPORATED, 225 Wharncliffe R.N., London Tel (519) 432-0676
Resident Manager James Pettit. Alcoholics.
- *LA MAISON PAINCHAUD, 955, rue Richelieu, Quebec, P.Q. Tel (418) 692-1902
Directeur: Jacques Robichaud.
- *ST. LEONARD'S HOUSE-TORONTO, 63 Bellwoods Ave, Toronto Tel (416) 863-1471
Director: Roger LaForme, Asst. Dir: Jim Rankin
- *BELLWOODS RESIDENCE Tel (416) 863-1323. Day Paroles acceptable. Rm and Bd
\$3 a day.
- *LEOPOLD RESIDENCE-Tel (416) 536-6198: for "graduates" from Bellwoods Residence.
- *LOWER MAINLAND ST. LEONARD'S SOCIETY, P.O. Box 80156, 6025 Sussex Ave. South
Director: Mrs. Isobelle Esau Burnaby, B.C.
- *ROBERTS STREET HOUSE, 6375 Roberts St., Burnaby, B.C. Tel (604) 299-5015
Sr. Child Care Worker: Jon Osborne. Juveniles
- *WILLINGDON AVENUE HOUSE, 5757 Willingdon Ave., Burnaby, B.C. Tel (604) 437-6844
House Parent: Mrs. Shirley Estergaard. Rm and Bd \$120 month.
- *VICTORY HOUSE, 5023 Victory Street, Burnaby, B.C. Juveniles
- *PROJECT ADVENTURE, Coquitlam, P.O. Box 80156, 6025 Sussex, Burnaby, B.C. Juveniles
- *CONTACT FOR WIVES & FAMILIES OF OFFENDERS, c/o Suite 3, 1787 Walker Road,
Windsor, Tel (519) 254-5441
- *NATIVE CULTURAL & NATIVE WOMEN'S CENTRE (same address as above)
- *NEW BEGINNINGS (ESSEX COUNTY), c/o Suite 3, 1787 Walker Rd., Windsor Tel (519)
Director: Marty Tourigny. Juveniles 252-1398
- *REACHING-OUT, INC. Suite 8, 1787 Walker Road, Windsor, Tel (519) 252-6486
Director: Thomas Maligian. School program, contacting juveniles.
- *THE INN OF WINDSOR, 1687 Wyandotte St., E., Windsor Tel (519) 252-7749
Director: Miss Irene Girard, Counsellor: Mrs. Carolyn Cuzner .Females,
juveniles.
- *ST. LEONARD'S HOUSE, 491 Victoria Ave., Windsor, Tel (519) 256-1878 .Director
Walter Stanowski, Asst. Dir. Ms. Helen Austen
- *NATIVE CLAN ORGANIZATION INCORPORATED, 620-504 Main St. Winnipeg, C. Fontaine
- *UNITED CHURCH HALFWAY HOMES, 511 Stradbrook Ave., Winnipeg, Bob Doherty
- *CAMBRIDGE RESIDENTIAL CENTRE, c/o YMCA 25 Queen's Square, Cambridge (G)
Tel (519) 621-3499. Director David Mitchell, Asst. Ray Imai.

The Lineup, Part 2 by Dick Deshaw, Springboard

Eddie's news stand was on the corner. It was a corrugated tin, three-walled lean-to, covered with skin magazines, faded and yellow and nailed to the tin walls. Piles of newspapers surrounded the shack. Eddie was busy telling a straight john if he wanted to read the smut for free, he could go to a library..

"Stupid sons of bitches. Ashamed to take them home where their wife might find them, so they read them here! God, Sam. You look sober enough for once to read a paper. Want one?"

"No, not today, Eddie. I have other business."

"Should have known. You probably can't read two words anyway. So what's on your mind?"

Eddie is eighty and as wizened up and ugly as the news on the front page of the papers he hawks. A chump came by and handed Eddie a quarter for the fifteen cent daily. He pawned the early edition off on him, instead of the more recent one and pretended like the guy didn't have any change coming back. The guy asked for his change. Reaching into the folds of his greasy coat, Eddie pulled up two blackened coins and flung them at the customer.

"Damn. Times is so tough a guy can't make an honest tip, anymore. I tell you, Sam, we're in the middle of a depression. Only the rich sons of bitches learned from the last one and it's us poor working stiff's who are suffering." Like his papers, Eddie is the soul of present and future forebodings.

I described Ideal to Eddie. Again, a transformation. Eddie smiled. (The Rapture must have come and I didn't even know it!)

"Yeah. I know her. I see her every morning."

Now I was getting somewhere. "Where, Eddie?"

"St. Josephs. I always go in and light a candle to her."

Who would have figured Eddie for a religious nut? I left Eddie shuffling and slurring and conning his "Papah!" on the marks, and continued down the street.

Much as I hated to do it, now was the time to find my favorite stoolie. John used to be an okay guy. He's an ex-con who, while he was in the joint, wouldn't rat on someone else to save his life. Now he would sell his soul or anyone else's, for a bottle.

I turned down the alley where his office was. I waded down past the garbage cans full of grease trap leavings and last night's chop suey, trying to hold down my jigger of rye. Came to a pile of rags, gave them a kick. Deep in their recesses, an "uhhh" answered my kick. John emerged from his several layers of Salvation Army coats and tried to focus his avenues to the soul of mankind, wiping the spittle off the sides of his mouth. He recognized me.

"What you got, Sam?"

"A bottle, if you got the right answers."

John crawled up and placed his back against one of the grease trap depositories and tried to listen with what there was left to listen with. I told him about Ideal. He nodded. "Yeah. She left me when I got my first beef. She was a straight chick, you know. Maybe if she hadn't, I might have stayed out. She was worth going straight for. You say they're after her? Where's my goddam shiv? I'll help you find them. It'll be just like the old

days. We might even kneecap a few of 'em." He started searching through the coats till he fell over backwards.

"Shit. Not much left in me, Sam."

"That's okay, John. Here's something for a bottle." I threw him a buck for a bottle of Shakey-Jake special. (John and I have the same discriminating tastes at times that worries me). He hadn't earned it, but like I say, I'm a soft touch.

I got the same response throughout the downtown joints. Everyone I talked to knew Ideal personally. She lived somewhere in their past. But none of them knew her now. Should have figured. Ideal's don't run around much in my crowd. Anyway, if anyone was after her, they didn't come from this part of town. She must be in real trouble. When you leave the petty hoods and make the leap to the Organized Boys, the game gets deadly.

I was scared enough for her to brave the big boys, now. First, though, after much wheedling, I was able to get the key to the gas station john and clean up a bit. Gas stations downtown don't like to let the pedestrian traffic use their johns. If you fill up your car, then you can let it out. Otherwise, "Bust a bowel, you cheap son of a bitch!"

I won't describe my journey among the Financial and Media haunts of the Upper-Mobile. It was too painful. It appeared that none of them had ever heard of Ideal. I was getting nowhere fast.

It was time to get more information from Ideal. Besides, the perfume of her presence was rubbing off. The city was getting too damn mean again. I hopped a streetcar to the subway and took the subway to the end of town, spending an hour afterward, on a mommy-cluttered, brat-wailing bus.

Once Universities were in the centers of cities. That was in an earlier age, an age where the common man could at least know the presence of the Enlightenment by the robed scholars who passed him on the street. Now professors look like any other businessman and any Universities that can have moved, with their students, to the suburbs. Inner-city Universities seem to be attended by bearded radicals who marched down the streets, waving quotations from Trotsky, or tough broads who punch you in the mouth for offering them a seat on the street car. No nice, respectable, middle-class mommy and daddy wants his kid going to that type of school.

The bus, long ago rid of its load of spoiled brats and harrassed mothers, finally arrived at that concrete monument to architectural bad taste that was the University. Along with a few students of the commuter kind, those smart enough to win scholarships but not lucky enough to have middle-class parents so that they could live in the dorms and drink and play around all night, I got off the bus.

I looked at concrete towers and cement walkways with bewilderment. How could I ever find Ideal in this rat's maze? They probably let their students graduate when they'd demonstrated they were programmed well enough to run this maze without getting lost.

Then I saw that one of the students who got off the bus had a book written by an old geezer who Ideal had said she used to work for. Kant. I followed this Kant book and the student led me, in and out, over and under in the maze. Finally we arrived at a building with Humanities carved on a stone plaque in front. It was then that I saw the LINEUP!

The LINEUP went around the building twice. When I was young and trying to learn a decent trade, I went to a community college where I encountered long registration lines. But this was the granddaddy of them all. The LINEUP was even many times larger than those herds of fan worshippers at the downtown theatres. This LINEUP seemed to stretch unendingly. And it seemed to be filled with professors.

but Marcuse, Horkheimer and Adorno realized his critique wasn't thorough-going enough. The critique needs to be extended to cultural and technological aspects of the affirmative society."

"Look, you son of a bitch! If I don't get some answers out of you, I'm going to extend this fist down your throat. Now, about this lady..."

"In other words, the present society is coercive and exploitive and keeps the proletariat downtrodden. The only hope for man is a negative critique which can ferment the intellectual change needed for the dissolution of bourgeois society in the future."

"Look, Bud. I'm a member of that downtrodden proletariat and you're causing me to ferment all over! I haven't understood a word you've said so far but it all sounds like crap to me. Don't give me that bullshit about why you have those words on your dick. You just want to get some little undergraduate nookie, impress her with your fancy words, then say: "Do you want to see my philosophy?" rip open your fly and shout, "HERE!" Then give her an 'A' if she puts out."

He started to open his mouth again, but I had had it. I grabbed him by the throat and lifted him off the ground. "Okay. Enough mucking around. Did you see a lady named Ideal in that building?"

I put him down and he composed himself and smoothed out the jean jacket, leering a leer that spread from the tip of his head to his toes. "I haven't seen any Ideal in there, but in the first classroom's one great lay! By the time you get there, though, there won't be much of her left. That's where this whole crowd is going. Besides, she only appreciates the finer things in life, like my NEGATIVE DIALECTICS."

I laid a good one right into that smug face. The nose flattened out and blood spurted out, all over his jean outfit. He looked at me, his terrified eyes recognizing a real Anarchist and he fainted.

I stood over him, dazed. I knew who the good lay was. I had found Ideal but too late.

The stomach that had withstood grease trap and stale chop suey aromas, finally gave up and I vomited all over my unconscious friend. On him it looked good.

Then I wiped my mouth and began to scream and beat on the guys at the rear of the LINEUP. But it was no good. I couldn't gain an inch against these passion-aroused idiots. I finally gave up and sat on the ground, upchucking all over myself.

That was one long afternoon. By the end of it, I knew how the medics must have felt, who had to conduct the pecker parade for the embarkment on D day. I saw more private members than had existed in the whole history of British parliament. Each satisfied customer proudly displayed the tattooed profession of his academic scam:

"Verifiability, God is Dead, Pattern Variables, Situation Ethics, Existence, Behavioral Modification, Existential Truth, Ethnomethodology, and lots of other words and phrases I didn't understand either. By the end of the day, my bitterness had been so sharpened that I could appreciate the ironic overtones on one tattoo that proclaimed: The Meaning Is The Use!"

The sun went down and the crowd was finally gone, but I didn't move. The LINEUP was all finished, but so was my hope. I sat on the grass, all covered with my own vomit, but more comfortable with it than with the crowd I had been observing all afternoon. I had done my job. I discovered who the enemies of Ideal were--the whole intellectual climate of our age.

Finally I stood up, tried one more dry heave and then staggered towards the now-deserted building. Entering the building, I followed torn

shreds of Ideal's clothing into the nearest classroom. I opened the door and there she lay on the floor, totally nude and ravished.

Ideal was dead. I stood and looked at her. She was still one magnificent-looking broad, even in spite of what she had been through. I hated myself for looking at her. You know what I mean. The disgust we feel for ourselves when we see photos in the newspaper, of car wrecks or massacres, and, in spite of horror, we find our gaze rests on the nude women in the photo and our horror is tempered with lust.

"Hi, sailor! Come on over and row my boat for awhile." Ideal looked up in a leer and then she shook her head, gathering her thoughts and recognizing me. "Oh, Sam! You're too late. They found me. Don't hate yourself for failing, though. My existence was unreal. I need contact with the real world, and, boy, did I get it today! I'm sore as hell, but also so horny I can't stand it. None of them were able to penetrate me. I found that I can't get it off with partial truths."

So all of the pea-cocking was just that--a show designed to hide deflated egos.

"You're...uh, still a virgin?"

"Well, at least physically. My mental state is another matter. Come here. As I said, I'm horny as hell."

One thing for sure, Ideal was dead. But this woman really had my number. She had an actuality that mere ideas can't convey. I wanted to satisfy her, but I knew better. I didn't want to be just another deflated ego. I took off my jacket and covered her up.

"What are you doing? Don't fool around. I need you."

"No. The only way a guy should get into a broad like you, is to marry you."

The leer vanished on her face and a look of peace came over it. Now she looked a little more like Ideal, but an Ideal tempered with actual wisdom. I picked her up in my arms and started to carry her off.

"Where are we going?"

"To the nearest Justice of the Peace."

"Good. Just hurry--please!"

I caught a taxi at the student union, and with every eye in the joint on us, as well as a rather bug-eyed cab driver. At the Justice of the Peace, I told the cab to wait and Ideal and I went in to get married.

We must have looked a sight to the Justice, Ideal wearing only my jacket and me with vomit all over myself, but he married us. Rather in a hurry too. We went out and gave the cabbie a sawbuck and told him to beat it for an hour. And then I experienced Ideal for the first time, in the back seat of a cab.

The first time took. Ideal soon conceived and we call our son, Reason. Ideal and I have our little joke, in which we suggest Reason has to taxi around quite a bit. But we'd keep the meter running to get him. He looks a lot like his mother and a little bit like me. Not a bad-looking kid, if I di say so myself.

My existence is not so mean, anymore. In fact, you might say I have a lot of Ideal in me and likewise. I don't need the bottle anymore. I'm still a detective. Marrying up with a down-to-earth Ideal doesn't make one any brighter, only a little wiser. I'm not one bit richer, well, not economically-speaking.

Of course my secretary, Port, didn't understand. When I put my arm around her and tried to explain, she moved away from me, like I was a leper.

"You did that to her, Sam? To her? I can understand...but don't touch me. Not now."

Not that that is any hardship, but I did want her to understand. But she can't. Port can only conceive of the Ideal in black and white terms. To her, the Ideal isn't ideal, if it lives with you in the present.

Like that NEGATIVE DIALECTICS fellow, whose nose I spread all over his face. Port can only see Ideal in the future. Oh well. You can't win them all. Port left me to work for an undertaker. I understand he embalmed her by mistake one day and now she's got her future.

Well, that's about the end of my story, except for one other thing. My wife has introduced me to the scholars she used to work for. They're not bad old geezers, after all. In fact, they've taught me quite a bit about my wife--and myself.

As I know now, these old geezers are philosophers, and, as one of them, a pedantic old German named Hegel, said:

"Philosophy is being at home with self."

Recently, over potluck, another of the old geezers, a squinty-eyed Jew named Spinoza, winked at me and said:

"You can't understand truth until you have married up with the Idea."

END

FOR THE LADIES:

EGG, CHEESE & OLIVE CASSEROLE

8 slices white bread, crusts removed,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound Jack cheese, shredded
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sharp Cheddar cheese, shredded,
 6 eggs
 1 teaspoon dry mustard
 4 cups milk,
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup ripe olives, drained and slived
 8 green stuffed olives

Butter an 8 x 13-inch baking pan. Alternate layers of bread, cheeses and ripe olives. Beat eggs and combine with dry mustard and milk. Pour over bread-cheese layers. Refrigerate for at least 1 hour., or overnight. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour. Garnish with green stuffed olives and serve. Serves 6 to 8. Preparation time: 1 hr, 20 min. Approximate calories per serving: 450

Suggested Menu: Egg, Cheese and Olive Casserole,
 Buttered Peas & Carrots
 Endive Salad
 Lemon Ice and Cornflake Cookies

HEBREW

(Hebrew characters in words are read from right to left)

אָרֶץ ('eres) EARTH (cf.eras) טוֹב (tōwbh) GOOD
(cf.Toby)

יוֹם (yōws) DAY (cf.yeoman) רָע (ra^{kh}) BAD
(cf. rack)

יֹשֵׁ (yōsh) MAN (cf.Joshua) עֵינַי ('aēn) EYE
(cf. keen)

קוֹל (khōwl) VOICE (cf.call)

מֶלֶךְ (melethē) KING (cf.military) עָפָר ('ophor) DUST
(cf. coffer as in cofferdam made of mud)

אִשָּׁה ('iōshāh) WOMAN (cf.ocean) רֶקִיעַ (rokhiy^{kh}) FIRMA-
MENT
(cf.rocky)

רָם (rās) HIGH (cf.raise) גָּדוֹל (gourōwl) GREAT
(cf.guru)

שָׁמַיִם (ōshāmayēs) HEAVENS (cf.Hiroshima) אֹרֶךְ ('ōwr) LIGHT
(cf. aura)

עַם ('as) PEOPLE (cf.castle)

אֱלֹהִים ('eēlōhēys) GOD (cf. hallows)

בֹּקֶר (ōbekhr) MORNING (cf.beckon)

מַיִם (mayēs) WATER(S) (cf.Mayans)

חֹשֶׁךְ (khōshethē) DARKNESS (cf.co-setted(hidden, secret))

The Molecule

"Smallest portion of a substance capable of existing independently and retaining the properties of the original substance"(Dictionary of Science: Uvarov & Chapman). It follows then that atoms of any substance do not exist independently as atoms of that substance and do not each contain or retain the properties of the original substance. Just as each of the organs of our bodies constitute the whole body and each is different in its contributions to the whole, so too the atoms composing the molecule are molecular organs, each contributing a different and necessary flow of energies to the whole entity we call the molecule.

1 gram-atom of any element contains 6.02×10^{23} atoms(Avogadro's Number). Size of atoms vary from substance to substance and molecules vary as to the number of atoms in the molecule. For example, ethyl alcohol (drinking alcohol) contains 2 carbon atoms, 6 hydrogen atoms and 1 oxygen atom per molecule and salt(NaCl) contains 1 atom of sodium and 1 atom of Chlorine per molecule.

Fun With Figures: Atomic Dimensions(Miller in Chemistry, pp 45)

"Let us now assume that you are feeling in a very festive mood and wish to share a toast with all your fellow human beings. You have, however, only one normal shot glass full of whiskey, that is, about 1.5 ounces. A calculation based on our metric conversion units and assuming 100 proof whiskey(50 percent alcohol by volume) shows that you have about 17.2 grams of alcohol. On a molecular basis we find

$$\frac{17.2 \times 6.02 \times 10^{23} \text{ molecules/mole}}{46.0 \text{ grams/mole}} = 2.25 \times 10^{23} \text{ molecules}$$

You actually have a total of 2.25×10^{23} molecules! Your generosity is so great that you even want to share your drink with your departed comrades over the past 30,000 to 40,000 years, a total of about 45 billion souls. A simple division,

$$\frac{2.25 \times 10^{23} \text{ molecules}}{4.5 \times 10^{10} \text{ people living and dead}}$$

produces that remarkable figure that you have about 5,000,000,000,000 molecules of alcohol for every person who ever lived, and probably a few billion left over for the as-yet unborn. Atoms and molecules are small!

The dimensions of atoms can be illustrated in many ways. It is actually easier to count the national debt(the largest number one can normally think of) dollar by dollar than it is to count the molecules of SiO_2 in a grain of sand. It would take all the people in the United States, including the newborn, a total of about 40,000 years to count the atoms in a drop of water, providing, of course, they didn't sleep on the job. The ink on this page contains over 1,000,000,000,000 atoms of Carbon. The actual size of an atom is a difficult thing to measure; however, the values of atomic radii have been obtained from spectral studies and show that these radii(covalent radii, half the distance between two like atoms joined by a covalent bond) vary from 0.37×10^{-8} cm for hydrogen to 2.35×10^{-8} cm for the element cesium,Cs.

A Test of Vocabulary Range

Here are sixty brief phrases, each containing one italicized word; it is up to you to check the closest definition of each such word. To keep your score valid, refrain, as far as possible, from wild guessing. The key will be found at the end of the test.

1. disheveled appearance : (a) untidy, (b) fierce, (c) foolish, (d) peculiar, (e) unhappy.
2. a baffling problem: (a) difficult, (b) simple, (c) puzzling, (d) long, (e) new.
3. lenient parent: (a) tall, (b) not strict, (c) wise, (d) foolish, (e) severe.
4. repulsive personality: (a) disgusting, (b) attractive, (c) normal, (d) confused, (e) conceited.
5. audacious attempt: (a) useless, (b) bold, (c) foolish, (d) crazy, (e) necessary.
6. agile climber: (a) lively, (b) tired, (c) skillful, (d) careful, (e) stubborn.
7. prevalent disease: (a) dangerous, (b) catching, (c) childhood, (d) fatal, (e) widespread.
8. ominous report: (a) loud, (b) threatening, (c) untrue, (d) serious, (e) unpleasant.
9. an incredible story: (a) true, (b) interesting, (c) well-known, (d) unbelievable (e) unknown.
10. a good oculist: (a) eye doctor, (b) skin doctor, (c) foot doctor, (d) heart doctor, (e) bone doctor.
11. will supersede the old law: (a) enforce, (b) specify penalties for, (c) take the place of, (d) repeal, (e) continue.
12. an anonymous donor: (a) generous, (b) stingy, (c) well-known, (d) one whose name is not known, (e) reluctant.
13. performed an autopsy: (a) examination of living tissue, (b) examination of a corpse to determine the cause of death, (c) process in the manufacture of optical lenses, (d) operation to cure an organic disease, (e) series of questions to determine the causes of delinquent behavior.
14. an indefatigable worker : (a) well-paid, (b) tired, (c) skillful, (d) tireless, (e) pleasant.
15. a confirmed atheist: (a) bachelor, (b) disbeliever in God, (c) believer in religion, (d) believer in science, (e) priest.
16. a loquacious woman: (a) tall, (b) beautiful, (c) homely, (d) sweet, (e) talkative.
17. a glib talker: (a) smooth, (b) awkward, (c) loud, (d) friendly, (e) boring.
18. to philander: (a) work hard, (b) make love triflingly, (c) save money, (d) be in doubt, (e) try unsuccessfully.
19. an ocular difficulty: (a) unexpected, (b) insurmountable, (c) pertaining to the eye, (d) real, (e) imaginary.
20. questionable paternity: (a) fatherhood, (b) truthfulness, (c) value, (d) knowledge, (e) wisdom.
21. a naïve attitude: (a) unwise, (b) hostile, (c) unsophisticated, (d) friendly, (e) contemptuous.
22. living in affluence: (a) dirt, (b) countrified surroundings, (c) fear, (d) wealth (e) poverty.
23. more pleasant in retrospect: (a) backview, (b) freedom, (c) acceptance (d) leisure, (e) anticipation.
24. a real gourmet: (a) teacher, (b) greedy eater, (c) vegetarian, (d) connoisseur of good food, (e) antique.
25. to simulate interest: (a) pretend, (b) feel, (c) lose, (d) stir up, (e) ask for.
26. a magnanimous action: (a) puzzling, (b) generous, (c) foolish, (d) unnecessary, (e) wise.

27. a clandestine meeting : (a) prearranged, (b) hurried, (c) important, (d) secret
(e) periodical.
28. the apathetic populace: (a) made up of various national stocks, (b) keenly
vigilant of their rights, (c) densely packed, (d) indifferent, uninterested,
(e) prehistoric.
29. to placate his wife: (a) divorce, (b) make a gift to, (c) make arrangements for,
(d) help, (e) change hostility to friendliness.
30. vacillate continuously: (a) avoid, waver mentally, (c) inject, (d) treat, (e) scold.
31. a nostalgic feeling: (a) museated, (b) homesick, (c) sharp, (d) painful, (e)
delighted.
32. feel antipathy: (a) bashfulness, (b) stage fright, (c) friendliness,
(d) hostility, (e) suspense.
33. be more circumspect: (a) restrained, (b) confident, (c) cautious, (d) honest,
(e) intelligent.
34. an intrepid campaigner: (a) fearless, (b) eloquent, (c) popular, (d) experienced,
(e) famous.
35. diaphanous material: (a) strong, (b) sheer and gauzy, (c) colorful, (d) expensive,
(e) sleazy.
36. a taciturn host: (a) stingy, (b) generous, (c) disinclined to conversation,
(d) charming, (e) gloomy.
37. to malign his friend: (a) accuse, (b) help financially, (c) disbelieve,
(d) slander, (e) discard.
38. a congenital deformity: (a) horrible, (b) crippling, (c) slight, (d) incurable,
(e) occurring at or during birth.
39. a definite neurosis: (a) plan, (b) emotional maladjustment, (c) mental
derangement, (d) feeling of fear, (e) physical reaction.
40. took an unequivocal stand: (a) indecisive, (b) well-intentioned, (c) unexpected,
(d) definite, (e) dangerous.
41. vicarious enjoyment: (a) complete, (b) unspoiled, (c) occurring from a feeling
of identification with another, (d) long-continuity, (e) temporary.
42. psychogenic ailment: (a) incurable, (b) contagious, (c) caused by the emotions,
(d) intestinal, (e) imaginary.
43. an anachronous attitude: (a) unexplainable, (b) religious, (c) belonging to
a different time, (d) out-of-place, (e) unusual.
44. his iconoclastic phase: (a) artistic, (b) sneering at tradition, (c) troubled,
(d) difficult, (e) religious.
45. a tyro: (a) dominating personality, (b) beginner, (c) accomplished musician,
(d) dabbler, (e) serious student.
46. a laconic reply: (a) immediate, (b) assured, (c) terse and meaningful,
(d) unintelligible, (e) angry.
47. semantic confusion: (relating to the meanings of words, (b) pertaining to
money, (c) having to do with the emotions, (d) relating to
mathematics, (e) scientific.
48. cavalier treatment: (a) courteous, (b) high-handed, (c) negligent, (d) incomplete,
(e) expensive.
49. an anomalous situation: (a) dangerous, (b) intriguing, (c) unusual, (d) pleasant,
(e) unhappy.
50. posthumous child: (a) cranky, (b) brilliant beyond his years, (c) physically
weak, (d) illegitimate, (e) born after the death of his father.
51. feels enervated: (a) full of ambition, (b) full of strength, (c) completely
exhausted, (d) troubled, (e) weak.
52. shows true perspicacity: (a) sincerity, (b) mental keenness, (c) love,
(d) faithfulness, (e) longing.

53. a sycophantic attitude: (a) sneering, (b) unbelieving, (c) bootlicking,
(d) surprising, (e) contemptible.
54. gregarious person: (a) calm, (b) company-loving, (c) untrustworthy,
(d) vicious, (e) self-sacrificing.
55. sufficiently phlegmatic: (a) satisfied, (b) annoyed, (c) high-strung,
(d) emotionally calm, (e) irritating.
56. consummate scoundrel: (a) repentant, (b) punished, (c) perfect, (d) vicious,
(e) unreformable.
57. an egregious blunder: (a) outstandingly bad, (b) slight, (c) irreparable,
(d) unnecessary, (e) humorous.
58. cacophony of the city: (a) political administration, (b) crowded living
conditions, (c) cultural advantages, (d) harsh sounds, (e) foul odors.
59. a prurient adolescent: (a) tall and gangling, (b) sexually longing,
(c) clumsy and awkward, (d) pimply faced, (e) soft-spoken.
60. uxorious husband: (a) henpecked, (b) suspicious, (c) guilty of infidelity,
(d) fondly and foolishly doting on his wife, (e) lovesick.
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KEY: 1-a, 2-c, 3-b, 4-a, 5-b, 6-a, 7-e, 8-b, 9-d, 10-a, 11-c, 12-d, 13-b, 14-d, 15-b,
16-e, 17-a, 18-b, 19-c, 20-a, 21-c, 22-d, 23-a, 24-d, 25-a, 26-b, 27-d, 28-d,
29-e, 30-b, 31-b, 32-d, 33-c, 34-a, 35-b, 36-c, 37-d, 38-e, 39-b, 40-d, 41-c,
42-c, 43-c, 44-b, 45-b, 46-c, 47-a, 48-b, 49-c, 50-e, 51-c, 52-b, 53-c, 54-b,
55-d, 56-c, 57-a, 58-d, 59-b, 60-d.

Your score (allowing one point for each correct answer) _____

These words have been carefully chosen according to their difficulty, and the approximate evaluation of your vocabulary which you will find in the chart below is based on the results achieved by 318 students in the Adult Education Program of the City College of New York.

If you score:

- 0-11 correct choices, your vocabulary is below-average.
12-35 correct choices, your vocabulary is average.
36-48 correct choices, your vocabulary is above-average.
49-54 correct choices, your vocabulary is excellent.
55-60 correct choices, your vocabulary is on a superior level.

CASTLE ROCK by William ShakingSpeare

A masque in two shorte actes to the delight of the caste and surviving fellows in thee pit...

ACT I

Scene 1 Early morninge before the castle doore stands the groom combing Maria's horsey more than necessary. Enter Maria.

Maria: Ho there, groomie! Hast finished with thee brush?

Groomie: Nay, say not so thy majesty!

Maria: Thou wilt not yield it hey! Ho there, the guard!

Guard Chorus: He has the brush off; he has the brush off!

Maria: Not at all! Too quickly! Say rather he has the brush on!

Groomie: Mercy, majesty!

Maria: This impertinence will cost you dearly groomlie!

Guard Chorus: Anything but that, your majesty! He is too fine to despoil in the tower! Axe someone else, please it your majesty!

Groomlie: Indeed! I'm too young to hit the dust! Think of your image your majesty! Try an older candidate!

Maria(infuriatedly dangling in a huff): Well! I never! Well! I never!

Scene 2

Enter the King. Groomlie is still brushing the horsey. The guard Chorus stands nearby, ready to sing the chorus when the orchestra gets past the first eight bars successfully.

King: Good morninge to thee dear squire!

Groomlie: And it please your majesty, I ain't been bloodied in no field of battles sire! I ain't entitled sire!

King: Tut, tut! Everyone's entitled squire! It's a matter of getting to the melon before it becomes mush!

Guard Chorus: Mush! Mush! On with the dog leg!

King: Gracious! Such timely noise with breakfast! Oh well(beckoning to a guardsman) have them bring me a couple of eggs from the roost with a couple of shires of bacon!

Guard Chorus : Truly the grandest feast! The grandest appetite in several worlds! Two shires for breakfast! Could Dracula do better?

ACT II

Scene 1 The Throne Room. The Queen is draped over her throne invitingly and The King is dozing.

Maria : Bring in the errant groomlie!

King(arousing from his doze, sleepily): And that chorus of yowlers too! They sounded underfed!

Chorus(entering): And we will drown in wine! And we will eat the fatted calf!

Maria: Silence ogres! This be castle grim not the end of the rainbow!

Groomlie: She means to have our heads!

King (with a start): Eh? What's that? Maria! I absolutely forbid you to have any more fish heads! 'Tis unwholesome for the liver!

Maria: But your majesty! 'Tis an insult I desire to assuage in blood!

Chorus: Tremble! Tremble!

King: Maria! 'Tis above thy station to be insulted at trifles! Thou art only a common slut from the village! Give yon fellows a good feed and send them home fat and saucy!

Groomlie: Saved! The King is not dead!

Chorus : Save something for Scene 2 !

Scene 2

The woods outside the palace grounds. The King has his bow and arrow out and is shooting apples off Groomlie's head. Maria has returned to the village, a slut in disgrace at court. The chorus is cooking a lunch of lentils and thin beans.

Groomlie: A narrow miss your majesty!

King : Truly an art, my boy! Quite intentionally artful and sloppy though! Here! I'll show you!

(King shoots arrow and knocks a button off Groomlie's shorts)

Groomlie: Steady your majesty! I will soon be in disgrace!

King: Not so my boy! Why should I wound a fellow rogue? Stand fast and I will give thee a haircut!

(Groomlie starts running through the forest pursued by the mad king)
Stop! I say! Stop! You will miss lunch!

Chorus: Aye! 'Tis jolly well time for beans! Halt the farce!

(All Halt for Dinner)

(To be continued after lunch on further recordings beyond the range of this paper. Thank you. William Shakingspeare.)

CITIZEN PARTICIPATION

LETTER OF APPRECIATION from F. Lett.

I would like to express my appreciation that your magazine features articles like that by Keith Washington-Aug-Sept Edition.

Whether one is in or out of confinement by the law or any other limiting condition, these advices are the best that can be found to bring spiritual powers to our assistance. The world authorities can neither bring these agencies to our lives, nor can they take them away. This fact is never clearly stated for the enlightenment of the general public. Nor is the law all powerful, though powerful it be in the secular world of men. We underestimate God if we believe His Grace resides in the power of the law. It resides beyond this and is available to all that call on His name in faith, for guidance and direction. "Yes-Me" and Jesus Christ is a very large majority indeed. Without this there is little hope for any of us, anywhere. God Bless, F. Lett

LOVE...TRUTH.....AND SALVATION by Walfried Goossen

One of the most difficult tasks for a Christian is to share the Good News of Jesus Christ with the world. When we try to do so we are usually accused of every sin imaginable. The reason often is that many want to hear and accept this good news but they want it on their own terms, that is without cost and without change in their lives.

But God does not permit this. There is only one right way to come to Him according to scripture and that is through repentance and a life lived in harmony with Him through faith.

Not long ago one of the issues of ADVANCE carried an article in the religion section which troubled me greatly. The writer began with such a beautiful description of God's love it really touched my heart. But what followed touched me even more, this time with sadness because the writer hopefully unknowingly, proceeded to weave a gospel of error based on an elaborate misquoting and misunderstanding of scripture.

You, the reader, may well ask why am I right and why is he wrong? Surely that is a bit high handed! At the end of this article I will explain my reasons for feeling this way and suggest how anyone can find the truth without regard to men's opinions, mine included!

But first I would like to respond to the article entitled LOVE.

One more thought before I continue. Scripture says we must worship God in Spirit and in Truth. Sometimes God has to point out to us some unpleasant truths before we are able to worship Him. Like a doctor who tells us, "You need an operation in order to get well," He has to tell us what is wrong in our lives in order that we may become spiritually well.

The great and perfect love of God will not permit us to indulge in illusions. There is too much at stake! It is His love for you and my love for Him and my readers that prompts me to write.

I do not know the writer of the article called LOVE and have no desire to discredit him in any way. I do know that God is working in his life and as a regular reader of ADVANCE I appreciate the time he took to write the article.

It is true that after God completed the Creation He said of it, and of us, "It is good." But it was good only before the fall, before sin entered this world. When God judges He will not have to judge what is good. He will judge what is now bad, what is not redeemed.

It is true that as the first Adam brought sin into the world and we all became sinners, Christ, the second Adam, provided salvation for all. But ! As Adam had to choose to sin, so we have to choose to be saved, that is to accept the free gift of salvation by grace which the Lord purchased for us by His death on the cross.

As Adam did not have to sin, so we do not have to be saved.

There were two crosses beside the Lord's cross, with two criminals, or offenders. Only to one did He say, "Today you will be with me in paradise," (Luke 23:43). Only one asked Him for help and only one admitted his sins.

It is true that Jesus died for the sins of the world, but Scripture also says there will be a judgement day of the saved and the unsaved. Narrow is the way and narrow is the gate and few there be who find it.

The unsaved and immoral will not be taken to heaven if they have not come to Christ before they die (Rev. 21:8).

One has to ignore purposely many biblical passages to not see this. Jesus also said to Nicodemus that a man cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven unless he is first born again. (John 3:3, 18-20*).

The article Love claims there is no punishment for anyone, yet attributes to Christians the sin of hypocrisy which will cause them to be rejected by Christ!

It claims that no one has ever been baptized in fire and discounts the Acts 2:3 passage because those baptized were baptized with cloven tongues which were as fire rather than immersed. But nowhere in the Bible is it clearly stated that baptism must be by immersion!

But the most outstanding example of error is in the story of Abraham and Isaac as told by the author. Referring to the man who is burning he claims that the man is Abraham's son and that Abraham calls him son and the man calls Abraham father. Therefore the man is not lost but being cleansed.

Scripture however says, "Now it came about that the poor man died and he was carried away by the angels to Abraham's bosom and the rich man died and was buried. And in Hades he lifted up his eyes being tormented and saw Abraham far away, and Lazarus in his bosom." (Luke 16:22,23.)

The following verses also state that although the rich man wanted to cross the chasm between himself and Abraham this was not allowed.

There is no mention that the gulf or chasm is not permanent. It is simply not true that it does not matter whether we believe or not. While God wants all to be saved, not all will be because not all will accept this free gift.

There is nothing selfish about wanting salvation for one's self. It is selfish to reject it since it is God's free gift. Not until we ourselves are saved can we be any use to God.

And would it make any sense to live in this life as a stranger to God, to continue to ruin our lives when He offers to save us even now from the things which destroy us?

When we come to God He expects one thing above all—honesty. We must admit we are sinners, we must admit we are only human and limited, helpless to live our lives well without Him. And above all, we must not tamper with

Scripture and change its meaning--use some parts and ignore other sections.

By now those of you who are still reading this and who are not familiar with Scripture may be quite confused. Who is right? Who is wrong? Whom do you believe?

There is only one whom you can believe in such a crucial matter. Jesus Christ Himself!

He is alive and well, anxious to show you what the truth about Him is. Ask Him where you are now, ask when you are alone, or as a group. Ask, "Jesus, if you are real, show me what the truth is about life and death and about salvation and about me and what I must do to get to heaven and to start a new life here."

The beautiful thing is that no matter what we have done, He will forgive when we come to Him. It is true He loves you even now. But if you don't accept that love, what good will it do you?

Some fear that the Christian life is a drag, only for sissies, or that it takes all the fun out of your life. But that isn't true. Life with Christ is beautiful, it is new, it is clean, it is peaceful. It is sometimes a life of trials, but it is also a life of joy.

He forgives everything we ever did wrong, gives us a complete acquittal and dismisses all charges against us, as if we had never done the things we are accused of or have confessed to. Even a man who has taken a human life can be forgiven by God, even if society does not. The great apostle Paul was a free man even when he was in a Roman jail waiting to be put to death. Was he worried or afraid? No! He spent his time writing letters to the churches, to his christian friends.

God's love is so great, so wonderful, so immeasurable, that we can never exhaust it. We can, however, refuse it.

The article LOVE was correct in its description of God in the first two paragraphs.

"God is love. Never have more beautiful words of truth fallen upon our understanding. These three words are the source from which the waters of the well of everlasting life spring.....

"Love's countenance is joyful, and is peaceful and will harm no one. Love is kind and merciful." These are just a few of the beautiful descriptions of God. But God is also a "gentle man". He does not force Himself on people.

It is futile to argue at length about these matters. There is a time when action must replace words, when we take steps to find out what it's all about. We can only do that by asking God Himself.

We need Him now, not just after death. We need love and forgiveness and a purpose in life---now. He has all the answers we need, all the strength, healing power and love we need.

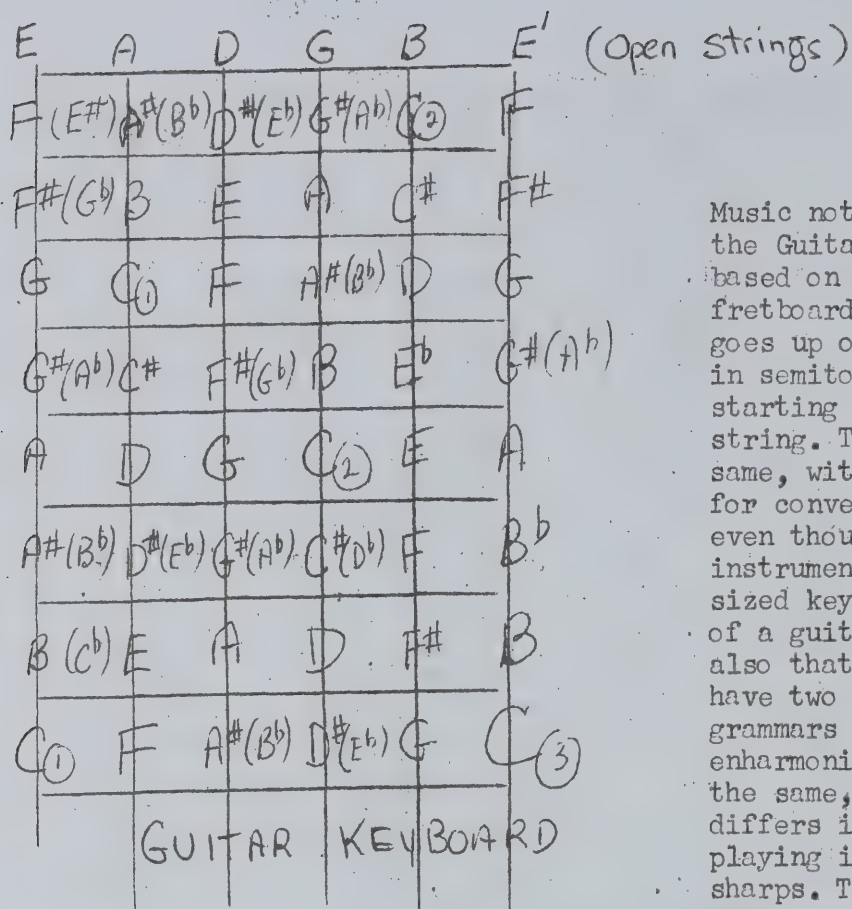
He is a God of Miracles and miraculous love. A lot of people sneer at Him and at those who are humble enough to admit they need Him. What is more important, to have peace and new hope, or to worry what someone might say if you got "religious" ?

Why wait? You can find out right now where you are if Christ is real or not. You can know Him personally. The questions you have He will answer gradually.

But today, tonight, you can know for sure, "Is God real?"

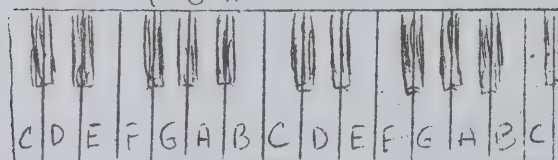
I believe He is, and He loves us all. Now He wants our love.

I write not to find fault, or to argue doctrine, but because I know what He has done for me in my life, and what He can do for you!

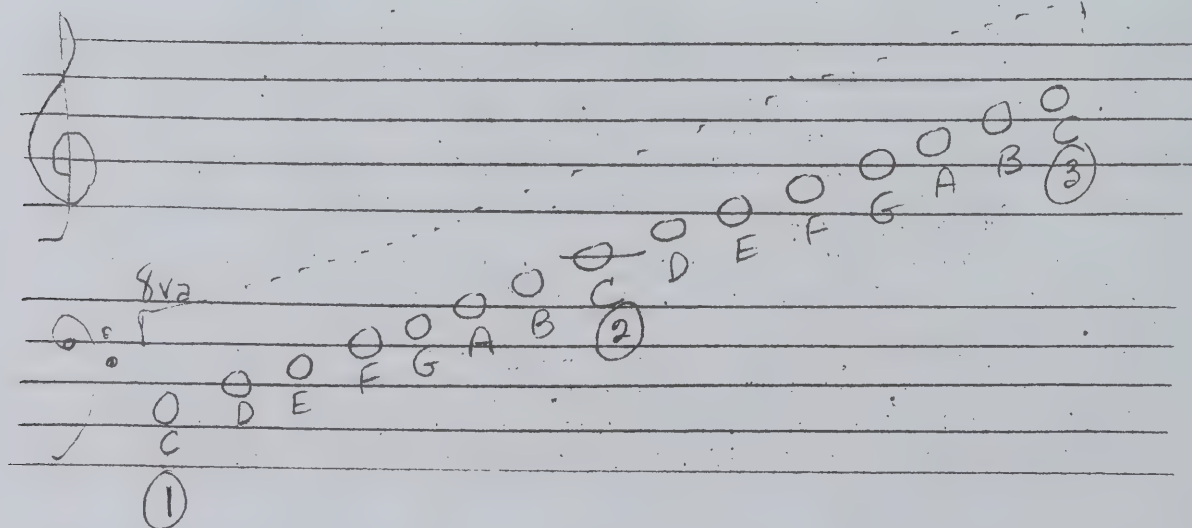


Music noteboards on both the Guitar and Piano are based on semi-tones. The fretboard of the guitar goes up on each string in semitones from the starting name of the open string. The piano does the same, with the black notes for convenience of playing even though the original instrument was all equal sized keys, like the frets of a guitar. You will notice also that many of the notes have two names. These are grammars of music called enharmonics. The sound is the same, but the viewpoint differs in that you are playing it in flats or in sharps. This is related to the keys in music which are the guides and structures used in the composition of pieces of music. These are often ancient modes which give mood and tonal colors the composer desires.

D^b E^b C^b A^b B^b
C# D# F# G# A# et cetera



① Piano Keyboard ③



FIFTY MILLION BIG BROTHERS by Isaac Asimov (F & SF, November, 1978)

NASA is proposing to spend five years and \$20,000,000 to search the heavens for signals that are neither perfectly regular nor perfectly random and that may therefore be of intelligent origin.

In order to come up with an answer to my question as to NASA's chances, I will have to make several assumptions. The two most basic (and perhaps quite debateable) assumptions are these:

1) The only life that exists is life-as-we-know-it; that is, life based on nucleic acids and proteins doing their thing against a water background. This is not really a very restrictive assumption. Our experience on Earth shows that a wide variety of life has existed on this one planet--tens of millions of species with a bewildering array of enormous surface differences--all of which are basically similar on the biochemical level. Undoubtedly there is sufficient room for variety to allow an equal array of species on every planet of every star in the Universe with no exact duplications anywhere.

But why can't we allow variations in the basic pattern, too? A background of liquid ammonia, or liquid silicones, or liquid hydrogen; complex molecules of fluorocarbons or silicates? Or, for that matter, why not gaseous life, solid life, nuclear-reaction life, or pure mind-life?

We can postulate these if we wish, but there is no single scrap of evidence for the existence of any of these things, and to speculate in the absence of any evidence at all is to produce something so undisciplined that any answer is possible. And where any answer is possible, all answers are meaningless.

The value of assumption-1 is that we can eliminate from consideration any environment that is incompatible with our kind of life. This allows us to eliminate many environments for known reasons and therefore tends to give our final conclusions meaning.

2) The situation on Earth is average. It has in no way followed an unlikely course, either by taking advantage of an unbelievably lucky **break** or by falling prey to an unbelievably **unlucky** break.

Mind you, this, too, is an assumption. We have no reason to think that the situation on Earth is average, but no reason to think that is not average, either. If it is average, however, we can make certain estimates. If it is not, then we must be at such a loss to decide in what way it is not average and to what an extent--that again we can decide anything, and, therefore, nothing.

Now we are ready to begin.

By assumption-2, we can decide that life must begin, as it did here, somewhere in the neighborhood of a star which can supply the necessary energy for the formation and maintenance of life. By assumption-1, we decide that the star in question must be something like the Sun in nature, for only so can our form of life be maintained.

The Sun is a star of moderate size. There are dim, cool stars with masses as little as 1/50 that of the Sun, and there are brilliant, hot stars with masses as much as 50 times that of the Sun.

A star with a small mass delivers very little energy compared to that delivered by the Sun. For a planet to receive enough energy from a small star for the needs of life, it would have to be in a close orbit, circling the star at a distance of perhaps as little as 150,000 kilometers (90,000 mi.)

While energy delivered varies inversely as the square of the distance, the tidal effect varies inversely as the cube of the distance. This means that by the time a planet has approached its star closely enough to get the energy it needs, it is getting far too much tidal effect. The planet's rotation will be slowed until it faces one side always to the star--ending up with a hot side, a cold side, and, probably, not much in the way of an atmosphere.

A star with a large mass has a short lifetime on the main sequence between the time it first forms and the time it expands to a red giant. Our experience on Earth is that it takes a long time for an intelligent species to develop, and if this is so more or less everywhere(assumption-2) then it is useless to expect intelligent life in the neighborhood of large, hot stars.

We therefore end up looking for Sun-like stars, those with masses not less than 0.4 times that of the Sun and not more than 1.5 times that of the Sun.

Our first question, then, is: How many Sun-like stars are there in the Universe?

It is hard to answer this question because we don't really know how many stars of all kinds there are in the Universe. The stars are collected into galaxies, and our telescopes show us many millions of galaxies, but there are undoubtedly many millions of others that we do not see. The most liberal estimate I have seen of the total number of galaxies in the Universe is 100,000,000,000, in which case the total number of stars must be of the order of magnitude of thousands of billions of billions, but with a wide possible variation to allow for our very uncertain knowledge of the actual total number of galaxies.

To get a more meaningful number, let's limit ourselves to our own Milky Way Galaxy. For one thing, the possible intelligent life-forms in other galaxies are at a distance from us of anywhere from millions to billions of light-years. Intelligent life forms within our own Galaxy, however, are, at most, 150,000 light-years away. It is reasonable to suppose, then, that the intelligent life in our own Galaxy is much more likely to be of importance to us than intelligent life elsewhere.

Besides, any conclusions we can come to about our own Galaxy will hold also, on the average, for all the other galaxies, by a natural extension of assumption-2.

If we concentrate on our own Galaxy, then, its total mass, according to the latest estimate I have seen is 200,000,000,000 times that of our Sun. A third of that is liable to be in the form of dust and gas, which means that the starry portion of the Galaxy has a mass of 140,000,000,000 Suns. The mass of the Sun-like stars is only about one-tenth of the total mass, or 14,000,000,000 Suns.

Since the Sun-like stars are individually about equal to the Sun in mass, there are 14,000,000,000 Sun-like stars in the Galaxy.

One thing I didn't do in 1963 was to make allowance for the position of the Sun-like stars in the Galaxy, since at that time all parts of the Galaxy seemed equally hospitable (or inhospitable) to life.

We no longer think so.

In 1963, the quasars, just discovered, were still a complete mystery. That mystery has by no means been resolved even now, but there is a growing

consensus that the quasars are galaxies with extremely active and brilliant centers. They are so far away that the galaxies themselves cannot be seen even in our best telescopes, but those blazing centers show up for all the world like faint stars(and would be interpreted as nothing more than such, were it not for the tell-tale evidence of microwave emission and enormous red shifts).

But if quasars are galactic centers blazing with the light of a hundred ordinary galaxies (as they must be, to be visible at the enormous distances of from 1 to 10 billion light-years) something very unusual and violent must be going on in those centers.

As a matter of fact, galactic centers everywhere have come to seem wild places. Our own Galaxy, for instance, has a very active microwave source confined to a very small area in the sky, and a dramatic explanation of this is to suppose that there is a monster black hole at the Galactic center, one with a mass equal to 100,000,000 Suns and therefore $1/2000$ the mass of the entire Galaxy. It is growing, naturally, and may be gulping down whole stars, when such stars have motions that spiral them in too closely to the all-embracing maw of the black hole.

It may be that black holes naturally form wherever stars are densely packed, as at the centers of galaxies, or, to a lesser extent, at the centers of globular clusters. It has even been suggested that galaxies form in the first place about black holes; that each galaxy is an accretion disk about a black hole.

Black holes or not, the increasing evidence of violent activity in the centers of galaxies, including our own, would make it appear that galactic nuclei are inhospitable to life. The radiation level would be too high.

This means that life would be possible only in the quiet suburban volumes of the Galaxy--out in the spiral arms where our own Sun is located. Since some 90 percent of the mass of the Galaxy is located in its nucleus and only 10 percent in the spiral arms, we must consider that the number of potentially life-supporting Sun-like stars is only one-tenth the total number, or 1,400,000,000.

Naturally, a star cannot support life unless there is a planet on which the life can originate. By current theories of planetary origin from a condensing cloud of dust and gas, it would appear that, in the process of star-formation, planets are also formed in the outskirts of the cloud.

If every cloud of dust and gas condensed into a single star, that would be that. However, it is quite common for a cloud to collapse into two stars, forming a "binary." This binary may be associated with another star or two, or for that matter, with another binary or two. Binaries are, however, invariably very widely separated from any associated stars. From the standpoint of planetary formation we therefore need not consider any association more complex than that of a binary.

When the stars of a binary are themselves separated by a respectable distance, each of the stars may have a planetary system unaffected to any great degree by the other. If the binaries are close together, however, any planets that form about one are liable to have such unstable orbits they will not be long-enduring, and any formed about both treated as a gravitational point would be so far distant from both stars as to receive insufficient energy for life.

Perhaps half the stars in existence are members of binaries, and perhaps half of those members of close binaries which, if they have planets at all, do not have the kind of planets that are compatible with life.

Therefore, we can conclude that only about three-quarters of the potentially life-supporting Sun-like stars have potentially life-supporting planetary systems. The total number of potentially life-supporting planetary systems in our Galaxy is then just about 1,000,000,000.

A planetary system may be potentially life-supporting and yet may not have a planet that can actually support life.

Our own planetary system is obviously life-supporting and yet only on Earth is there life. There is certainly none on the Moon, for we have looked. There is almost certainly none on Mars, for our machines have looked. The environments on the remaining planets are sufficiently hostile (by assumption-1) to make it seem quite likely that they do not contain life, either.

Furthermore, Earth itself would easily have been non-habitable if it were somewhat smaller or larger than it was, or somewhat closer to the Sun or farther from it, or if its orbit about the Sun were a little more eccentric, or its period of rotation were a little longer, or its axial tip were a little more pronounced.

In this respect, then, assumption-2, that Earth is average, cannot possibly be maintained. Every significant change in Earth's size, structure, location or motion, would seem for the worse. Granted that this may be only a matter of appearance since life is adapted to the situation on Earth exactly as it is; yet, considering the fragility of the nucleic acid/protein system, it is hard to believe that there isn't considerable truth beyond the appearance, too. After all, Venus, Mars and the Moon, which are worlds that are not enormously different from Earth, do not carry life.

With Earth not average, but at a favorable extreme, could we suppose that every potentially life-supporting planetary system would, like the Solar system, have an Earth-like planet? That would be a height of inadmissible optimism.

It would, on the other hand, be the depth of inadmissible pessimism to suppose that no potentially life-bearing planet would appear anywhere else and that only here on Earth itself, in all the Galaxy, would we encounter a planet that had the good fortune to hit all the requirements bull's-eye (or at least, sufficiently near bull's-eye as made no difference).

The truth is most likely to be somewhere between 0 and 1 Earth-like planet per planetary system, but where between? There is absolutely no way of telling. We can only guess, and my own guess is one Earth-like planet for every ten planetary systems. We can call this assumption-3 in my line of argument, though it is a far less all-embracing one than the first two.

If this is true, then the number of Earth-like planets, suitable for life in this Galaxy comes to $1,000,000,000 \times 0.1$ or 100,000,000.

A planet may be suitable for life and yet not bear life. It is very tempting to think of life as something miraculous, and the product of divine creation. Even those relatively few people who are willing to suppose life to be the result of an accidental concatenation of atoms, can be so over-whelmed by the utter complexity and versatility of present life as to assume that the probabilities of such an accidental origin are incredibly low. They might even suspect that however many Earth-like planets there might be, it would be on Earth only that life would occur.

This, too, strikes me as the inadmissible depths of pessimism and here we have observational evidence to demonstrate its inadmissability.

Beginning in 1955, chemists have experimented with mixtures of simple chemicals of the sorts there is every reason to suppose existed on Earth in primordial times prior to the advent of life. If this mixture were subjected

to the kind of energy to which the primordial Earth was subjected—from the Sun, from volcanic heat, from lightning, from radioactivity—then in a matter of days or weeks, more complicated chemicals were built up. These complicated chemicals could be used as starting points and then still more complicated chemicals were built up.

Even the most complicated chemical formed in this fashion is at an enormous distance from even the simplest recognized form of life, but they point in the right direction. Amino acids are formed, nucleotides, adenosine triphosphate, even protein-like molecules. If we can do that in small vessels in weeks, what can be done in an entire ocean in a million years?

Nor is this merely the unconscious predilection of scientists who might unconsciously arrange an experiment in such a way to insure the answer that would be most thrilling. In the 1970's, moderately complex organic compounds were discovered in freshly-fallen meteorites of the carbonaceous chondrite variety—compounds that were clearly formed in the absence of life and yet are pointed in the right direction even though no scientist was around to do the pointing.

In fact, even in the vast clouds between the stars, atoms come together in random collisions and form molecules containing up to nine atoms(as far as we have detected to this point), and these, too, point dimly in the direction of life.

We have every reason to think, then, that given Earth-like conditions and an Earth-like chemical constitution, living things are bound to occur eventually. Far from life's origin being a miracle, it would be rather miraculous for it not to come to be.

But wait, how long is "eventually"?

On Earth, the oldest fossils(as we ordinarily think of fossils) are some 600,000,000 years old, but Earth itself, as a solid body, is 4,600,000,000 (4.6 billion) years old. For the first four billion years, no fossils were left. Did it take that long for life to form on Earth even with our planet's apparently ideal conditions for life? Would not even a tiny veering away from the ideal lengthen the time required until life never begins at all?

No, for this is an underestimate of the age of life on Earth. The fossils that first appear in rocks that are 600,000,000 years old are the fossils of very complex organisms; organisms large enough to be seen with the unaided eye, easily-recognized as life-forms, and often with shells and other hard parts that easily fossilize. Before these developed, there must have been a long history of smaller and simpler organisms, perhaps one-celled in nature, the traces of which are much fainter and more subtle than that of ordinary fossils.

The faint and subtle traces have been found, and microorganisms have been traced back in rocks that are well over three billion years old. When Earth was only a billion years old, it was teeming with life, and it is very possible that life formed no later than half a billion years after the Earth had formed.

The average period of time during which a Sun-like star remains on the main sequence is about ten billion years.

Before a star arrives on the main sequence, it is merely a mass of condensing dust and gas, while the planets themselves are merely coalescing bodies. There is no life then.

After a star leaves the main sequence, it expands into a red giant, frying to death any life-bearing planet that circles it.

The average period of time during which an Earth-like planet can support

life, then, is ten billion years.

The various Earth-like planets in the Galaxy are bound to be different ages, since stars have been forming all through the history of the Galaxy. Some are forming right now, and some will be forming a billion years from now.

If we assume that stars and planets have been forming in the Galaxy at a constant rate(probably not quite true) ,we can say that 5 percent of the Earth-like planets have expended less than 5 percent of their lifetime by now; 15 percent have expended less than 15 percent of their lifetime, and so on.

If life appeared on Earth half a billion years after its formation, and if this is an average event(by assumption-2) and likely to happen, give or take a few million years, on all Earth-like planets, then any Earth-like planet older than half a billion years would have life upon it in some stage of development.

Half a billion years is 5 percent of a life-supporting planetary lifetime, and only 5 percent of such planets are therefore less than half a billion years old. That means that 95 percent of all the Earth-like planets suitable for life, or 95,000,000, possess life, while the remaining 5,000,000 planets are crawling with chemicals on the way to life.

It may be that 95,000,000 independent life-systems in our own Galaxy sounds like a great deal, but it means that only one out of every 1,500 stars in the Galaxy shines down on a life-bearing planet.

Life in itself is something, but it is not enough. What we are talking about is intelligent life.

On how many life-bearing planets does intelligence develop? Specifically on how many life-bearing planets does a species develop which is capable of constructing a technological civilization?

If we think of it, it is bound to take a long time. Intelligence is a valuable thing, but it is not usually the key to survival. Sheer fecundity is usually what counts. The intelligent gorilla doesn't do as well as the less intelligent but more-fecund rat, which doesn't do as well as the still-less-intelligent but still-more-fecund cockroach, which doesn't do as well as the minimally-intelligent but maximally-fecund bacterium.

Therefore, we might expect that evolution will curve in the direction of fecundity rather than intelligence. If intelligence does develop in some odd by-way, it is only in combination with a few other things like hands and good vision that it can reach the point where it can begin to make up for poor fecundity. If intelligence reaches the point where **its owner** is capable of changing the environment to suit himself, then and only then does it have a chance to become overwhelming. The early hominids just managed to squeak past that critical point, and perhaps only with the development of fire and the stone-tipped spear did intelligence begin to show what it could do.

It took 4.6 billion years for intelligence to pass the critical point on Earth and for a technological civilization to become possible. That means roughly 50 percent of the lifetime of Earth as a habitable planet.

If we go by assumption-2 and suppose that this has happened, give or take a few hundred million years, on other life-bearing planets as well, then we can conclude that on half the life-bearing planets a species has arisen intelligent enough to establish a technological civilization.

Since we have calculated that there are 100,000,000 planets that bear life or are about to bear life, and since half of them have reached or passed the midpoint of their lives, assuming a constant rate of formation

of planetary systems, there has been time for no less than 50,000,000 technological civilizations to have come into being in our Galaxy.

Our own technological civilization has only been in high gear since the 1770's, with the invention of a practical steam-engine. Considering how far we have come in 200 years, consider how far we might come in another thousand years. We would by then surely have a technology far beyond the present.

A thousand years, however, is only a five-millionth of a planetary life-time. All but ten of the technological civilizations would be more than a five-millionth of a planetary lifetime older than us, and we might as well say that **there** are 50,000,000 technological civilizations in the Galaxy that have come into being long enough in the past to be, at present, far more advanced than we are.

We can conclude, then, on the basis of experiment, observation, and three assumptions, that we ourselves, who are just emerging from childhood, are trying to contact 50,000,000 big brothers out there.....

METAPHYSICS

- you must think objectively if you haven't got any spare parts handy! You can be as subjective as you like if you have lots of spare parts in the cupboard.
- people who chop wood on new ground destroy clues that help them pioneer it successfully.
- when you feel full of energies you're remembering good experiences, when you feel low in energies you're remembering bad experiences.
- turn your hells into heavens, your liabilities into assets.
- length of time isn't the deterrent factor or the curing factor; interruption of destructive events is...
- to grow and become in spite of all forces to the contrary of it, provide yourself with a surplus of tools and materials of all sorts...
- mass differs from state to state and thus velocity differs also...
- an idea's power does not spring from the number of people subscribing to it, it springs from its husbanded development in you...
- of course they know it 's fun, but if you can't do anything substantial for them, they just can't waste the time & energy. They don't dislike you. They're just SHORT on supplies...
- you can't get ahead by turning your back on anything you really like. That's where tragedies begin...
- people often feel guilty about having deliberate factual plans in the satisfaction of their desires and urges. They feel more decent relying strictly on good fortune and accidentally favorable circumstances...
- some people collect movie stars, I just collect people who move me...
- don't fight against your memories; accept them as historical facts....
- the size of anything varies under stress. Surround yourself with music...

Solid State Physics

$$\omega_L = \omega_P$$

This means the free longitudinal oscillation mode of an electron gas plasma has the frequency of the plasma. This would mean any motion of any magnitude must match plasma frequency mode before any motion in the plasma occurs. Sympathetic vibrations are necessary for plasma identification and response

Also $\omega_P = \sqrt{\frac{4\pi n e^2}{m}}$ and $\omega_P^2 = \frac{4\pi n e^2}{m}$ (4/3 Area of plasma. Reason for motion--imbalance or incompleteness being balanced and completed)

Gravity of Plasma is the square of the frequency or the free longitudinal oscillation mode and is also expressed as $\frac{4\pi n e^2}{m}$ where e = Proton charge (1.60219×10^{-19} C or 4.80325×10^{-10} esu) with n = frequency level and m = electron rest mass (9.10956×10^{-31} Kg).

4π shows 2 rotations of a circle as length of plasma cycle (i.e. figure 8 motion, neutron cycle)

When an electron gas is displaced, the displacement "u" (the amount of displacement with respect to the positive ion background) creates an electric field $E = 4\pi n e u$ that acts as a restoring force. The equation of motion for a unit volume of this electron gas is:

$$V_e = -4\pi n e^2 u$$

(The negative value signifies the gas is in motion)

NOTES

* We are sorry that Dr. Montgomery who writes PSYCHOLOGICAL SAFARI couldn't make it this month. The safari was held up due to the loss of the compass. It seems a friendly chimpanzee decided he needed it for a course in astrophysics and hasn't been seen since...

* LITE BAGS, LIFESERVERS: they started out as Lite Bags but the trip got so Heavy they had to drop it.

* T.V. FOR HOSPITAL: It seems that the number 16 was the favorite number at the time. Anyone who thinks its a good idea to take up a collection to provide a T.V. for the guys in the hospital, speak to a Committee Member.

* FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF COMMITTEE; As of October 11, 1978

On Hold: \$1,376.50

Cash on Hand \$764.00 (with bills still to be paid) (For example, Molson's Breweries for 10 cases of Newfie Screech for a Social to preserve Maritime Heritage).

JOKE

"The Sports Hall rang with the clash of bronze swords on bronze shields. The singers exultantly raised their voices to join the happy throngs of sunbeams coming in the high mullions. The heroes shone with brilliant lights of glorious manhood as they became gods before the people. Knighted by the Cosmos, so delighted with their beauty and joy of being. No longer mortals, but in the living flesh of Eternal Spring, they walked to and fro amongst the portals which are walls to ordinary beings, blessing those who loved them with eternal love and happiness. Renewing their weary souls with a touch. Restoring their sanities with a kiss."

Hart was a cynic. He threw the manuscript back across the desk at Komat with a sneer.

"Why write that drivel? People don't want eternal heroes! They want dead heroes!"

"But what use is a dead hero?" Komat flushed in anger.

"What use are living ones?" Hart snapped back. "How can you make a buck on people who remain heroes? You don't understand promotion at all!"

"Promotion!" Komat snorted, as if he'd just been slapped with a garbage bag, "It's nothing but lies!"

"Sure, sure!" Hart said in an indulgent drawl, "You idealists always talk the same, but it's realists like me who buy the groceries for you! If the ordinary man couldn't become a hero the hero business would be dead!"

Komat remonstrated. "But it isn't that simple, and you know it!"

"Sure," drawled Hart, "But the public doesn't know that!"

"Then why not tell them?" flashed Komat.

"Listen, friend," Hart said with a hard edge, "We have a tough enough time promoting the business as it is without scaring the ordinary guy with the truth that he's so out of shape he'd have a hard time lifting the victory cup let alone doing the motions necessary to earn it!"

"So, what's wrong with him having gods?" Komat asked.

Hart was incredulous. "Come now, Komat! The god business is dead! We have to kill all the prospective gods or the ordinary guy feels intimidated by their majesty!"

"But what about him? Does he really want to stay in the state of unaspiration forever?" Komat returned.

"That doesn't sound like P.R. man!" Hart expostulated, "You can't talk that way in this business! You can't tell the majority of your

income that they are slobs without any real aspirations and get away with it! Compliment him on buying a ticket! This takes a big effort for him!"

"Come on now!" Komat interjected, "Most of them can do a lot better than that!"

"Sure they can!" Hart said, "But are we supposed to inspire them to do it? We couldn't provide the facilities for any more aspirants! If they ever think of it, I suppose they'll do it, but in the meantime..."

"Yes, in the meantime, the stage is so small that anyone who steps off it steps into oblivion!" Komat said, sadly.

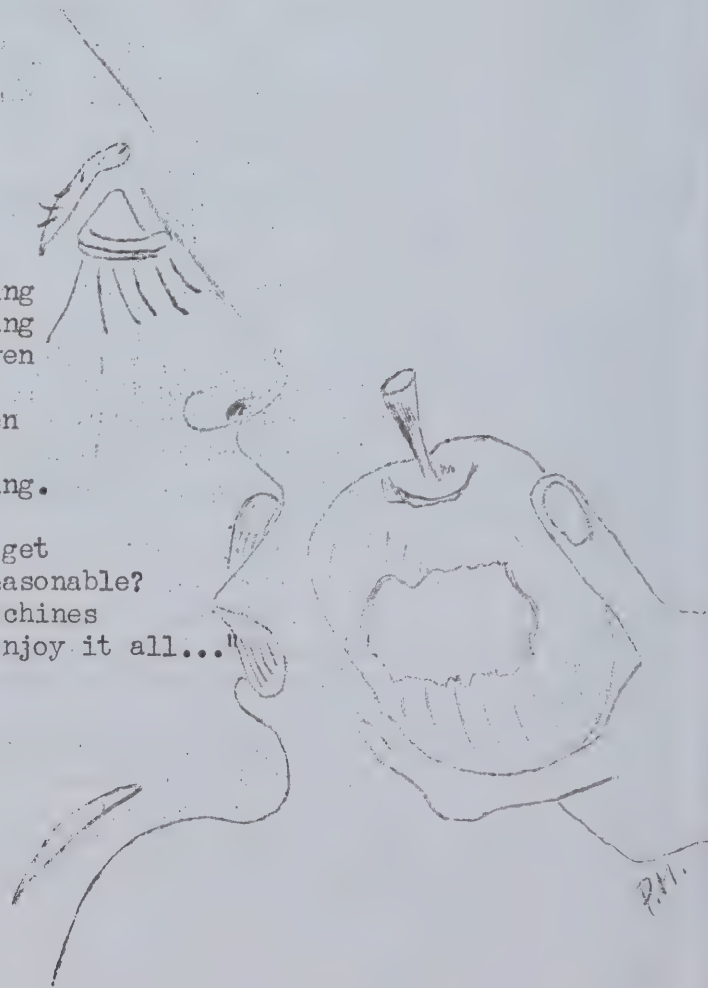
"Well, economics are economics!" Hart said briskly, "Put that at the end of your piece and sign my name to it! Write 'This plan isn't economical until the majority aspire to a higher plane of being.' Got that? O.K. Now, let's get back to more realistic concerns..."

PARADISE

What's a higher plane of being?
Does it mean delivering milk
In gold milk bottles?
No, it means the water in the
Taps is a tonic of sparkling
Mountain streams.

Is a higher plane of living having
A million dollars in your checking
Account? No. When money isn't even
Necessary and goods and services
Move on the demand of the citizen
At the place of supply, this is
A higher plane of living and being.

And who supplies it and doesn't get
Angry at demands which seem unreasonable?
Machines of course! "Let the machines
Do the work and let the people enjoy it all..."



THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY OF HAMILTON by Gabi Klimstra

Recently there have been several articles about the John Howard Society, and the problems of wives, girlfriends and relatives of men serving time. As co-ordinator of the John Howard Society Women's Group in Hamilton, your wives and girlfriends often say things to me that they can't say to you, the inmate. I am sharing them with you, so that you can try to understand them as they try to understand you. The following questions and others are hashed and rehashed in our Women's Group in Hamilton.

"If I wait for him, will he stay on the street next time?"

"Is he just using me for a good community assessment?"

"Can he see and understand that I've changed--can he accept that I care for him, but am not the same?"

"How has he changed?"

"Why is he trying so hard to control me?"

"How can I help our children to understand?"

"What do I do about my loneliness?"

In the year that I've been co-ordinator of the group, I've developed an admiration for the members who pick up their lives and cope with all the responsibilities of living on the street, as well as trying to sort out their relationships with their men. As one woman put it, "We're getting punished too--we're doing time!"

These women want to find ways of dealing with their aloneness: "When I see a man and woman holding hands it hurts so much!" They seek support from each other in coping with their responsibilities: "He doesn't realize that I have no freedom either--the Mother's Allowance worker wanted to know how much money I had in my purse the last time I saw him." Another woman who just discovered her pregnancy: "The Mother's Allowance worker did everything except suggest abortion." "I was told they help with repairs--the worker suggested I move the furniture from under the leak in the roof."

They want to understand you--they want to know more about life in an institution out of both curiosity and concern. As one woman put it, "I took the tour of the old Barton Street Jail--I had to see what kept him coming back."

Your demands that nothing change, that they run errands; see lawyers; talk to this person or that; visit; not visit; bring the kids; write every day are the result of your powerlessness--but it's difficult to do all the things you want. "Sometimes I think he's trying to tell me to forget him--sometimes he does tell me--is it because he's afraid I'll leave him, so he wants to do it first?" "He says he's in there because of me--I won't go for another appeal--doesn't he understand I have no money?" "He seems to be just waiting for me to make a mistake so he can drop me." "If I don't go and see him, he'll get into trouble in there." "He tells me to do things to make his time easier--doesn't he realize I could get into trouble?"

Communication is hard at the best of times--it is filtered through two different sets of emotions--but when you only have a few hours, perhaps once a month! Things said in anger are hard enough to forget, but how

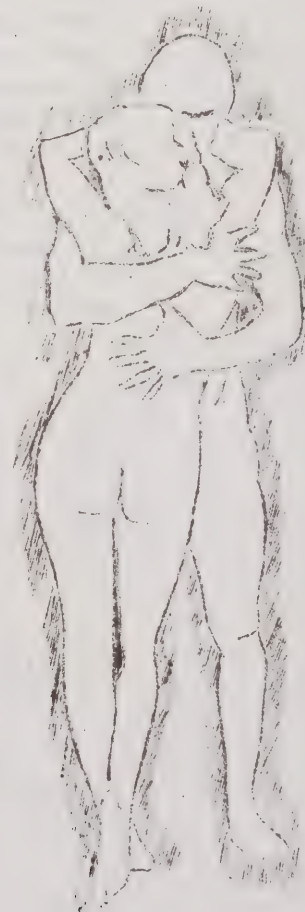
about a letter written in anger--it can be reread--and be so much more damaging.

When you feel excluded from your family, try to understand the growth they must go through to "do their time." When they don't come up to visit as often as you wish--remember that it's expensive and at least a fourteen hour day for a few hours with you. The women in your life obviously think you are worth waiting for--they are voluntarily "doing time"--don't make them "shake it rough."

POETRY

CONCEPT OF LIFE by Ruel Tumblings

However we play our roles in life,
The rules are all one-sided;
The joys we share are multiplied,
The cares we share, divided.
We had better live our best,
Think our best, and do our best today,
For today will soon be tomorrow,
And tomorrow will soon be forever.
We can only get out of life what we see in it.
It is for us to determine whether it
shall be just daily drudgery, or joyous living.
The secret of contentment is knowing
how to enjoy what you have,
And be able to lose all desires for things
beyond your reach.



LORD'S PRAYER in Greek
with Anglican pronunciations

Πατερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, ἁγιασθῆτω τὸ ὄνομα σου. Ἐλθέτω ἡ
Pater hēmōn ho en tois ooranōis, hagiasthētō to onoma soo. Elthetō hē

βασιλεία σου. γενῇθῃτω τὸ θέλημα σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς. Τὸν
basilaya soo. genēthētō to thelēma soo, hōs en ooranō kī epī gēs; ton

ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δός ἡμῖν. σήμερον. καὶ ἄφεσις ἡμῖν τὰ
arton hēmōn ton epioosion dos hēmeen sēmeron; kī aphes hēmeen ta

ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφῆκαμεν τοῖς ὀφειλεταῖς ἡμῶν. καὶ
ophaylēmata hēmōn hōs kī hēmacē aphēkamen tois ophayletice hēmōn. kī

μὴ εἰσενεγκῆς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ.
mē ace-enengkēs hēmās ace payrazmon, alla rheosi hēmās apo too ponēro.

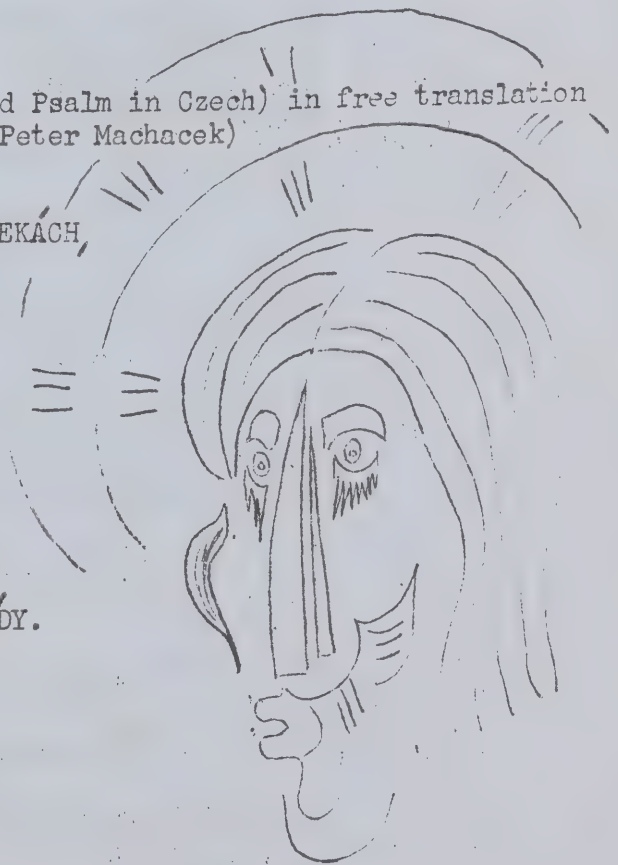
Ὅτι σου ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία καὶ ἡ δυνάμις καὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας.
Hoti soo estin hē basilaya kī hē dewnamis kī hē doxa ace toos iōnas.

Ἀμήν
amēn.

ČESKÁ : DVACÁTÁ TŘETÍ MODLITBA (23rd Psalm in Czech) in free translation
by Peter Machacek

BŮH JE MŮJ PASTOR, JÁ NEMŮŽI ČHTÍTI
OD NĚJ, ŽE BYCH LEZEL NA ZELENÝCH PASEKACH,
OBKLOPEN CĚRSTVOU VODOU.
ON OCISTIL MOJÍ DUSI,
VEDE MNE SPRÁVNOU CESTOU
JEHO MYSLENÍM.

JÁ PŘEJDU STÍNEM SMRTI
NEBUDU JE BATI DABLA
PROTOŽE VÍRA V BOHA MŇE POMUŽE
PŘEKONAT VSECHNY OBTIŽE
ZAJISTĚ ODPUSTENÍ MŇE BUDE NÁSLEDOVAT
PRO VSECHNY PŘÍŠTÍ DNY MEHO ŽIVOTA
A JÁ BUDU ŽÍTÍ V NEBESÍCH BOSÍCH NAVŽDY.

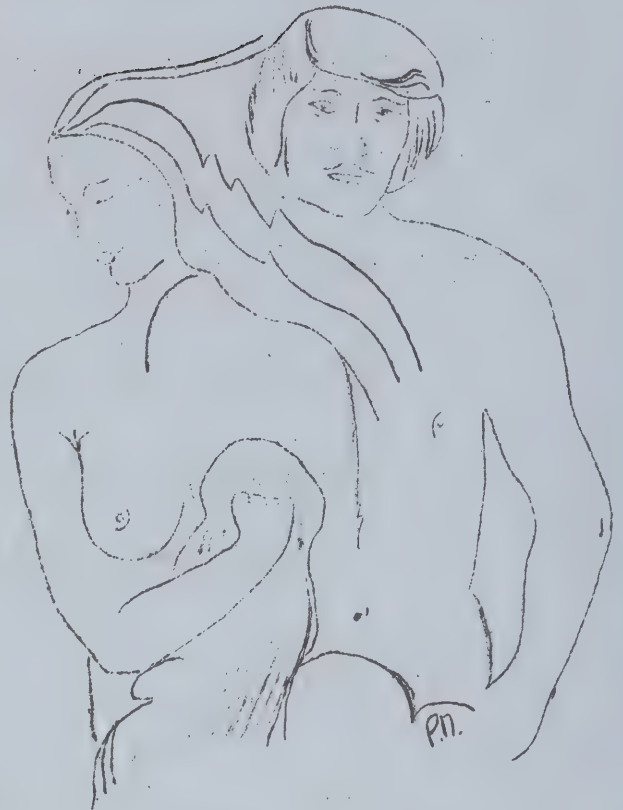


ALONE by Margaret Born

Lost in a world without love;
Each morning the sun shall rise,

But why?
My life is empty,
I have no one to live for.
Must I live like this,
I cry out for love!
But no one hears,
I look desperately
But my eyes see nothing.
People may think I'm happy.
How little they know.
They don't know how it is
When all love is gone.
I sometimes wish I were dead
But I can't die
Not without love,
For I would die an unhappy death.

Each day is the same
A hopeless search
The sun goes down
And I'm still
Lost in a world without love!



POETRY
PENAL PRESS QUOTE

PRISON FLIGHT by Don Smith, UCI Broadcast,
Aug-Sept 1978

What's to say?
They've put me away
and you're alone.
Humanlike, you'll look for warmth
I'll not be able to give.
What's to say?
You're young and pretty,
alive and alert.
Womanlike, you'll look for assurance
I'll not be able to give.
What's to say?
You should wait and wait,
lonely and desolate?
Nymphlike, you'll attract attention
I'll not be able to give.
What's to say?
You should be as celibate as I?
You should be destroyed as I?
Manlike, I give you the freedom
I'll not be able to gain.



TO MY WONDERFUL WIFE JOAN by Paul Gravelle

You're wonderful...and being married to you is wonderful. I try to show you how much you mean to me because it's hard to really tell you, but I hope these loving words will fill your heart with some of the things I feel, because our life together is all that I have ever dreamed it would be. It's fun now to remember the "falling-in-love" feelings, the "will-she-visit, won't-she-visit" days, the "loves-me, loves-me-not" days. Then came the fantastic, king-of-scary feeling when I knew you loved me, too, and a whole new world was waiting...A world in which my life took on new meaning because it was, and is, a world filled with your help, concern, gentleness, your strength, wisdom, understanding...A world filled with your love. When we're apart, I find myself thinking of you and dreaming of the moment when we'll be together again. You see, I've come to rely on you so very much...you make me feel so manly, so cherished, so warm and secure. I feel, and I know, that in many ways you have come to rely on me as well. That makes me very proud and happy. When we talk together, just the two of us, I always feel so close to you...And even in the quiet times I sense the bond of our understanding. Your love has helped me to know, and like, myself better. I look forward to each new day we share, knowing it will give me the chance to know you better, to see my love and your love become more and more our love. Being with you TODAY means TOMORROW will be beautiful. I stop and ask myself: How lucky can a guy get? I look around my happy world and think about being married to you...It's wonderful, it's magic, it's love...

AM I WORTH MY MOTHER'S LOVE?

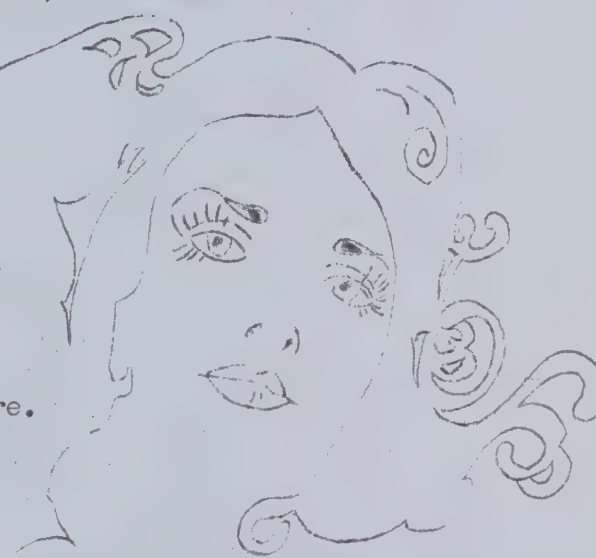
Can I be worth the pain and tears,
That I caused mother through the years?
A mother whose worry and deep despair
Was all because I didn't care.

The agony she suffered, waiting at home
Fearing I was hurt somewhere alone,
Waiting patient till I entered the door
So that she could rest and sleep once more.

Her joy she shared when I was sad,
Enfolding love that made me glad,
When darkness brought the fear of night,
Her smile was my shining light.

When illness brought me fear of death,
Her mere appearance restored health
Even after the crimes I've done
I am still her darling son.

Am I worth my mother's love?
The prayers she sends to God above?
I say with eyes now filled with tears
My mother's the greatest that there is.



PTT. [Signature]

Hello. My name is Jimmie D.J. Campbell, and I would like to take this time, to put this on your mind. Yeah, it's a short story, and it's a story of feeling and glory. I wished that you could close your eyes, this way you could visualize what I'm about to tell you. But since you can't, your reading this is just fine too. Now let me set the stage up for you, I.K.? Because I want you to get the feeling of what I'm about to say. You know...some things a person never really gets used to. Well, you'll find out what I'm talking about before I'm through. I would like for you to picture a man if you can, talking on the telephone, talking to his lover, who is at home. Now, that part sounds good, but, picture him a long way from his lover's neighborhood. And this man has been away from home for so long that tears lightly ease down his face, because he knows that he love he could never replace. Hey, I'm getting kinda carried away, so this is the time for me to introduce you to this play. His name is Tony and her name is Barbara. Let's listen in, while their conversation begins:

HELLO! Who is this?? ...It's Tony, honey. BARBARA: Oh my god!...is this really you...oh my love, I have missed you so much until I don't know what to do. TONY: Yes my love, it's really me, and at this moment, I'm as happy as a man can be. BARBARA: Oh Tony, I ..I miss you so much and at night sometimes it seems as if I can feel your warm touch. How are they treating you in that place?--I won't ask you about the food, because you already wrote and said it's not the best of taste. Tony, your love letters will always keep us together. Everyone here is fine, except me, because you stay on my mind. I'm so happy to hear your voice, so happy until I could cry, but I'll save that for when we say goodbye. TONY: Strange as this may seem, but Barbara, I know what you mean. Because baby, even though I'm a man, I'm sure you can understand, that at times, I have our future in mind, and when I'm alone, I cry. What I'm trying to say, well, most people don't know how it is to be sad and lonely everyday. This is true, because not even you can imagine all the changes this has put me through. BARBARA: Yeah, Tony you're right.

(Continued
on page 48)

UGM
COLLECTION
AGENCY

I LIKE YOUR STYLE, SON.
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO WORK WITH US?

CHIT-CHAT by Frank Michael

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

How many times have you asked yourself this important and crucial question, "Where do I go from here, and what do I do when I get there?" That's not an easy question that can be answered, especially in an ordinary and simple way, as there are so many extenuating circumstances that must be taken into account and consideration before one can come up with a proper and satisfactory answer or solution. One thing we know for sure is that we are not alone. For some people they will never find where to go and what to do, and in a great many instances they don't want to know and certainly couldn't care less. For these people what ever reason they think or feel that way, only they themselves can explain their status or predicament, but also to be noted is that these people are in that small minority category.

Well, what about the rest of us, who are seeking an answer as to how to make it back into the so-called world of Realism and where an individual can regain his human dignity and find himself a place in the business world if he so desires, and slowly be accepted back into that realm of Society where we are told, one must belong in order to get along and survive.

For some reason or another, it seems when you have your own business... and you are not part of that regular work force that rises every morning with a lunch pail in hand, and eyes partly opened, rushing to catch a crowded subway train or that bus that's always 10 minutes late,--and anticipating the anxiety of making it on time to work, so when you punch that time clock, it will register "just made it"...as I was saying,--when you're part of that business world, people somehow look up to you a little more, whether you attribute this to envy or jealousy, or for whatever reason, nevertheless the business person is considered better off and further ahead; of course this is a fallacy.

You see, being a business man in the business world is not always milk and honey, there are many trials and tribulations that you have to face, plus --not to mention the every day elements that can work for you as well as against you. I know, I have been there many times on both sides of the street.

Most people think it's difficult to get into business, and very complicated as well,--such is not the case. As a matter of fact it's quite easy to get into business, the tough part is staying and making a success of it.

The first thing a person or persons must decide before going into a business, is whether he likes what he is getting into, that's very important, and it's very helpful to have some experience in the enterprise he is about to launch or exploit; and if there is no experience, then a study or an extensive research of the proposition should be done before entering into any venture.

Most problems and failure usually stem from the most common cause of all and that's under financing. How this comes about is very simple, you see when starting out in a new business, most people have enough money to start up, but they forget or don't take into account to make sure they have a contingency fund, which in simple language means, if there are unforeseen financial problems that should crop up, you have this extra money to cope with these

circumstances, rather than going broke or be put into bankruptcy.

As I said previously, it's easy to go into a business,—for \$10.00 you can register a Private Company using your home address as your business address if you so desire, or you can have a Company Incorporated for about \$300 by a lawyer. You may ask what the difference is, well in a simple explanation, the private company—you are personally liable, and responsible for all debts and obligations, whereas in the Incorporated Company, you are not personally liable, the company is.

One thing to note about going into your own business, that if you are prepared to work hard and give up a lot of yourself and sacrifices, plus have the determination and fortitude to be a success in life, it's never too late to start, and if you feel you don't have enough on the ball to make it by yourself, then try to find someone that can compliment your attributes and personality, and then perhaps form a partnership, where two people can now work towards one common goal.

Partnerships don't always work out, as so many times there is such a varied and wide gap in policy and opinions, that it doesn't take long for a partnership to deteriorate and break up, and then have to be dissolved, but then again these are the pitfalls of any business, so if you can possibly make it on your own that is usually the wisest route to go.

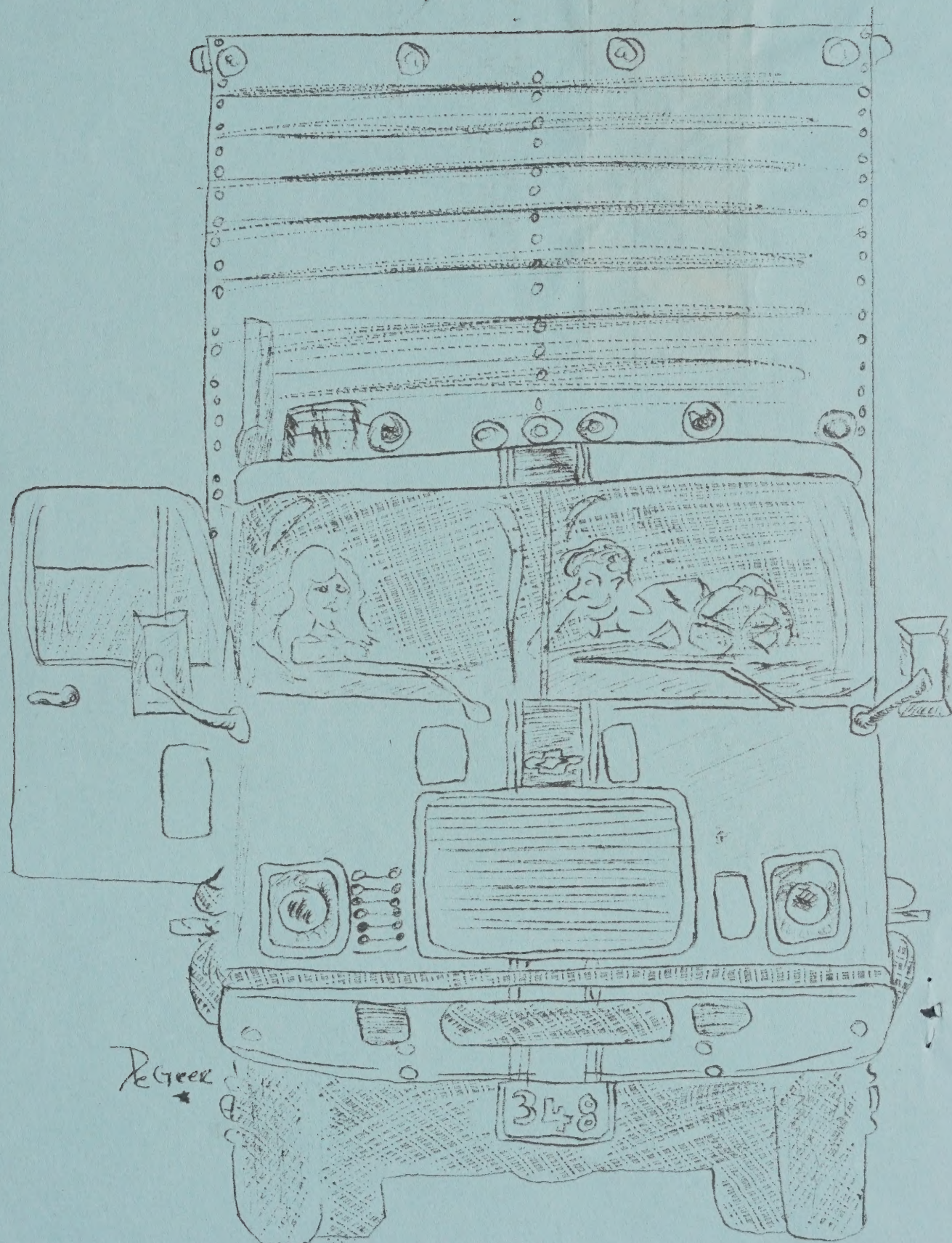
There is no way anyone could possibly cover all the ramifications of business in any one short period, and to recommend what business or venture someone should go into, is next to impossible. But I will say this, that it's possible to undertake to get into business with a minimum investment of anywhere from \$1000 up to—you name the limit...

Sorry, I would like to elaborate on some of the business ventures one could undertake, but I just ran out of time and space, so will see you next month, but let me leave you with this thought before I go...

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING... A FELLOW WITH \$2000 is JUST AS HAPPY AS A FELLOW WITH \$5000....We DON'T HAVE TO WORRY, WE HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO LAST US THE REST OF OUR LIVES, PROVIDING WE DIE TOMORROW.....

When I'm Alone, I Cry, continued from page 46

TONY: My friends here think I'm happy most of the time. Well, to me, that's fine. Remember, sugar, how our life was like a white cloud in the sky, but all of a sudden it turned grey, and started to cry. Without you, Barbara, my life is like an empty shelf, because you are my happiness and wealth, and you are even good for my health. BARBARA: Yes, Tony, and even though you're in there, you can rest for sure, I'll always care. TONY: Listen to me for a few minutes, I.K. because I have something I want to say. BARBARA: I'm listening, Tony. TONY: At times I have to laugh at myself, because I get my right hand mixed up with my left, but I know that faith is the key to reality. Well, baby, that's about all I have to say, and I'll be sending you a letter out today. And oh, but the way, I wonder if a lot of people could have heard this conversation—what would they say ??? Do you think they would know it was for real, and not a play? I love you baby. The End...



DeGree

"I'm a little nervous,
this is my first truck!"



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